RICE $1.50

FEBRUARY 24, 1984

National Holiday for Jesse

NATIONAL REVIEW

MG0710304809 022 8403 P 054 G
ROY E SMITH
PO BOX 1779
COLORADO SPGS CO 80901

CENTRAL AMERICA:

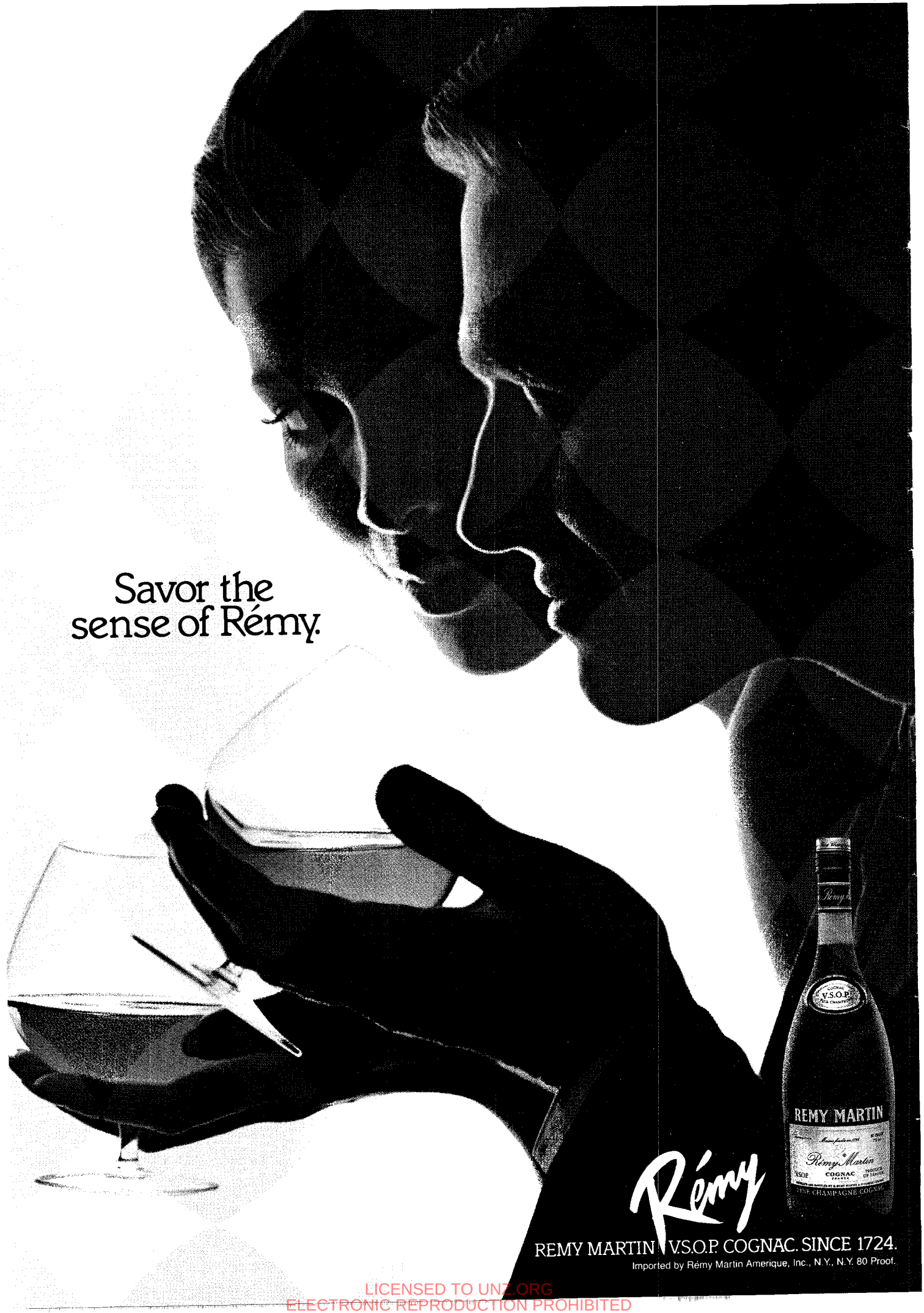
Here We Come? Here We Go?

The Kissinger Commission Report

by John Hutchinson

0 07
0 73361 64544

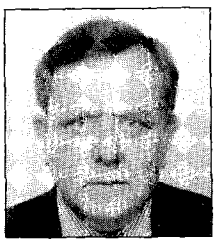
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



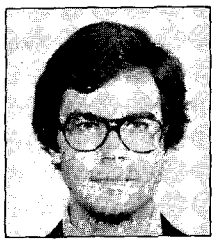
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FEBRUARY 24, 1984
VOL. XXXVI, NO. 3

NATIONAL REVIEW


HUTCHINSON 28

DiSANTO 48


KESLER 52

KELLEY 60

ARTICLES & COLUMNS

23 Reagan's Double Shuffle
Over at Justice, Ed Meese will make the liberals miss William French Smith.
John McLaughlin

24 Land Grab in El Salvador
The Administration seems to want socialism in one country. *Tom Bethell*

26 The Anti-U.S. Syndrome
If you've lost your empire—or your utopia—you need to take it out on someone.
Brian Crozier

28 Here We Come? Here We Go?
The Kissinger Commission reached an unexpected consensus on the most important issue of all: the security threat in Central America. But few Americans really grasp the dimensions of that threat. It's time to stop talking down to our Latin neighbors about civil liberties, and time to realize the stakes for all of us. *John Hutchinson*

42 Jesse Running
Some candidates will say anything to win. Jesse Jackson has no chance of winning, but he'll say anything anyway.
Richard Brookhiser

48 A Lover's Quarrel with Ronald Reagan
The real king of the airwaves, oddly, is a staunch Reaganite. Except on one issue.
Joseph DiSanto

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

50 Richard Nixon counsels hard-headed détente. *Still* too sentimental, says **Joseph Sobran**. . . . So you think you know Coolidge! Not if you learned about him from liberal historians, says **Charles R. Kesler**. . . . **Richard Brookhiser** decodes Richard J. Barnet's cryptic analysis of *The Alliance*. . . . **D. Keith Mano** looks at a feminist looking at a radical. . . . **Nicholas King** reviews a new spy novel whose hero reads this journal. . . . **Terry Teachout** reconsiders the conversations of Stravinsky and Craft. . . . **H. N. Kelley** describes the lengths people will go to hear Wagner.

4 LETTERS
12 FOR THE RECORD
14 THE WEEK
39 ABROAD
40 help
58 THE RIGHT BOOKS
62 ON THE RIGHT
66 TRANS-O-GRAM

Cover design by Colleen Lawlor

NATIONAL REVIEW is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1984. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: $29.00 a year (26 issues). Add $6.25 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor*
William A. Rusher *Publisher*
James P. McFadden
Consultant to the Editor

Editors
Richard Brookhiser / James Burnham
Jeffrey Hart / Joseph Sobran
Priscilla L. Buckley *Managing Editor*

Executive Editors
Linda Bridges *Assistant Managing Editor*
Kevin Lynch *(Articles)*
John McLaughlin *(Washington)*
Chilton Williamson Jr.
(Books, Arts & Manners)

Associate Publisher
Edward A. Capano

Contributing Editors
Tom Bethell / Brian Crozier
Werner J. Dannhauser / W. H. von Dreele
Nika Hazelton / D. Keith Mano
Michael Novak / Walter Olson
William F. Rickenbacker / John Simon
Ernest van den Haag / Timothy J. Wheeler

Associates
Gay Joyner Behensky
Jane Buckley Smith / Lacey Washington
Ione Whitlock

Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*
Dorothy McCartney *Research Director*
Colleen Lawlor *Art Director*
Anna Lieber *Production Editor*
Dorothy B. Humanitzki *Copy Editor*
Rose Flynn DeMaio *Treasurer*

Advertising Director
Robert F. Sennott Jr.

Circulation Manager
Robert Garvey

Contributors
Aram Bakshian Jr. / Ruth Berenson
David Brudnoy / John Chamberlain
John R. Coyne Jr. / Dinesh D'Souza
David Evanier / M. Stanton Evans
Mary Gauerke / George Gilder
Victor Gold / Donald Hall
Malcolm Hancock / Henry Hazlitt
Charles R. Kesler / John Kiley
James Jackson Kilpatrick / Nicholas King
Jan Lukas / Forrest McDonald
Charles Burton Marshall / Thomas Molnar
Gerhart Niemeyer / Joseph A. Rehyansky
Alan Reynolds / Selden Rodman
Francis Russell / Morrie Ryskind
Michael Scully / Terry Teachout
Ralph de Toledano / S. L. Varnado
Charles Wallen Jr.

Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Nena Ossa *Santiago*
Robert S. Strother *Cuernavaca*

LETTERS

Handle with Care

Arnold Beichman's article on the Stanford controversy over the Hoover Institution ["Will the Hoover Depression Hit Stanford?" Feb. 10] was fascinating, frightening, but also encouraging. Sometimes I'm tempted to think the intellectual Left truly believes that its position is the stronger one and that conservatives are mistaken. But surely the Left would not, then, act so paranoid about differing views. These Stanford scholars seem terrified at the mere presence of dissenters—as if their belief system is utterly fragile, and on the point of shattering completely.

Clyde Dawson
Arlington, Va.

Affectionately

To Sheila Wolfe and whoever else was in on the job, I blow a kiss for the superb page design of the January 27 issue.

NATIONAL REVIEW must be the best-looking girl among this country's many splendid magazines. Don't blush, now!

Gerhart Niemeyer
South Bend, Ind.

No Illusions

To say, as *NR* did editorially ["On the Road to Managua," Jan. 27], that the Nicaraguan government "is more of a coalition government, consisting both of hard-core Marxist-Leninist revolutionaries and of more idealistic souls who cling to the illusion that their ultimate dreams can be reconciled with democratic ways," is absolute nonsense! Those individuals have long since been purged or have left in disgust. Those who remain know exactly what they are doing and where they are driving that country. I suggest the writer of those lines be sent to Managua for a briefing with Archbishop Obando as soon as possible.

Though my own recent stay in Managua was brief (three days), I didn't tell the Sandinistas I was coming and was able to plug into the dissident community there. The place is absolutely controlled, and the situation is much worse than it ever was under Somoza. There are political killings quite frequently, and those who govern there—*all* who govern—have to buy into the network of lies that covers up the violent nature of the regime.

On the other hand, Solzhenitsyn's article in the previous issue was brilliant. God love that man and give him strength to continue forever.

David Asman
New York, N.Y.

In Labor's Interest

Arch Puddington's remarkable article ["Business, Labor, and the Anti-Communist Struggle," Jan. 27] not only pleased me as a statement of the kinship between long-standing views of organized labor and those of the Reagan Administration regarding foreign relations, but it also reminded me of the following from Congressman Mickey Edwards's recent book, *Behind Enemy Lines*:

"One after another, these union leaders, frustrated, angry men, complained . . . about government! Had that room been bugged, people listening afterward to the tapes would have thought they had mistakenly tapped into a meeting of a corporate board of directors.

"Speaker after speaker angrily denounced the government they had helped to put in office. Their story was a shocking microcosm of the problems that were besetting the whole country. . . . Over and over, they repeated the same message—government had caused the massive unemployment in Youngstown. . . .

"I was suddenly struck by the enormity of what we had gotten *into*—the awesome opportunity to bridge the gap between Republican politics and organized labor—but at the same time I was struck by the stunning realization of what a massive communications gap existed between us, a gap, a distrust, so unbelievably large that we could say the same things at the same time and not hear each other."

Many Americans, born and perhaps still living "on the wrong side of the tracks," can understand and support much, even most, of the Reagan program if somehow its essential meaning can be communicated to them. That meaning, rather than some distortion concocted by the liberal media and by out-and-out demagogues, must be the Reagan message in 1984.

Charles O'Halloran
Jefferson City, Mo.

One cannot help but wonder, with regard to Mr. Puddington's fine article, if

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the reason our labor movement has been so successfully anti-Communist has not got something to do with its equally successful understanding of what benefits can accrue, and to whom, when a "mob" takes over. After all, who wants to share a good racket?

Gregory F. Taylor
Grand Rapids, Mich.

20/20 Vision

As delighted as I am with the splendid job *catholic eye* is doing, your off-hand comment that it is "one of the few American Catholic publications to support John Paul II" ["The Week," Jan. 27] is a bit misleading and does not help us correct the impression that the Church in America has been reduced to a leftist political-action committee.

To cite just some examples of sound Catholic publishing: *The Wanderer*, *National Catholic Register*, *Fidelity*, *Faith and Reason*, *Common Faith Tracts*, *Homiletic and Pastoral Review*, *Social Justice Review*, *The Dawson Newsletter*, *The YCC Word*, *Fellowship of Catholic Scholars Newsletter*, *Catholicism in Crisis*, and numerous others. It is interesting, though, to note that all but two of the above are under direct lay editorship.

Edward N. J. Peters
Claremont, Calif.

Roosevelt Rebel

Nothing could be more inaccurate than John McLaughlin's description of Justice Felix Frankfurter, along with Justices Black and Douglas, as part of the Roosevelt legacy [Dec. 23]. Aside from having been appointed by FDR, Frankfurter had little in common with his activist colleagues. In fact, Frankfurter's lasting contribution to the Court was his theory of judicial restraint, the subject of bitter battles with his fellow Roosevelt Justices.

David Mandell
Norwich, Conn.

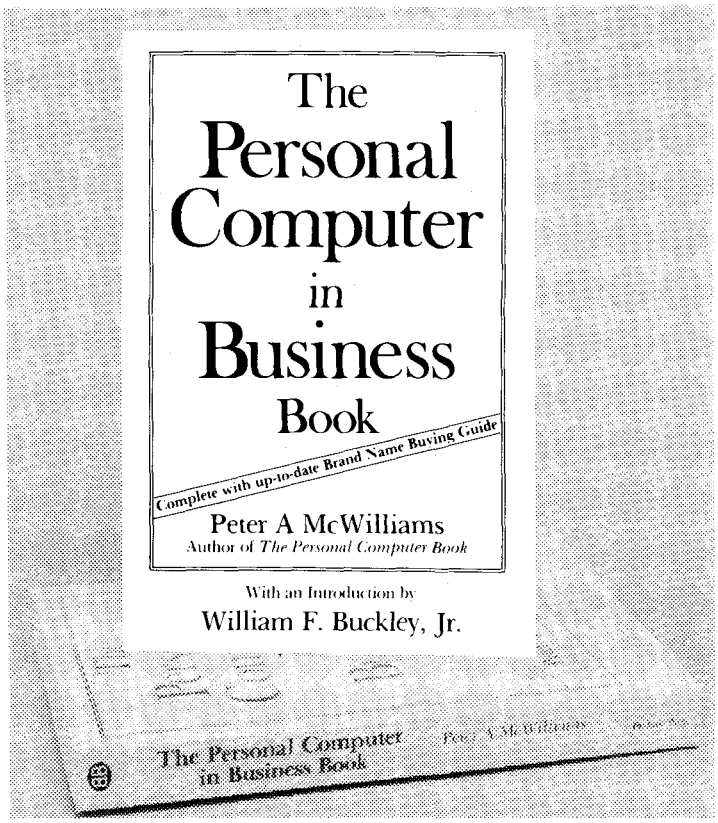
First Amendment Freedom

A word is a symbol that is used to characterize perceived reality. Therefore, the utilization of words, i.e., language, is useful to the degree that a particular word accurately translates the fact to which it is applied.

By cloaking the Moonie Church with the beyond-reproach status of a "bona-fide religion," John McClaughry ["The Uneasy Case against Reverend Moon," Dec. 23] sets forth the erroneous premise upon which is built the message that Moon's tax-evasion case was (and could yet be) tantamount to a witch hunt.

Objectively, it is noted in the article

"Peter McWilliams is about as clear as any man can be. What pleasure he takes in telling us what a business computer will do for us, and how contagious that enthusiasm is."
—William F. Buckley, Jr. from the Introduction



Peter McWilliams, author of the bestselling *Personal Computer Book,* is back, this time with a delightful introduction to personal computers in business. The book is written for anyone in business, from secretaries to C.E.O.s.

The Personal Computer in Business Book is an informative — and surprisingly funny — account of what personal computers are; what they can do for any business, large or small; and how to go about buying one. (One-third of the book, in fact, is a name-brand buying guide.)

Chapters Include:

- The Personal Computer
- Of Programming, How Computers Work, and Other Unnecessary Information.
- Word Processing
- Accounting
- Electronic spreadsheeting
- Electronic mail
- Data banks
- Data bases
- The Personal Computer in Small Business
- Graphics
- The Personal Computer in Big Business
- The Drawbacks of Personal Computers
- The Fear of Computers
- Selecting and Purchasing a Personal Computer
- Learning a Personal Computer Program
- A Brand-Name Buying Guide

800-421-1809
In California call 213-855-1821

Or send $11 per book (bookrate) or $13 per book (First Class Mail) to: Prelude Press, 944 No. Palm, Los Angeles, California 90069. Money back if not delighted.

Special corporate discounts for bulk sales are available.
Please write or call for details.
Thank you.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE

university

The University Bookman is a quarterly edited by Russell Kirk. Each issue is devoted to the restoration and improvement of the standards of higher education in America. Most of the articles for this quarterly concentrate on two topics: the reviewing of university and college textbooks; and the sensible criticism of educational theory and practice today. Every **National Review** subscriber, living in the U.S.A., gets **The University Bookman** free. Others may subscribe at **$5.00** a year. Subscriptions and editorial correspondence should be sent to:

bookman

The University Bookman, P. O. Box 3070, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. 10017

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Travel the Paths of History.

To travel through the pages of history is to experience the most illuminating moments of man's past. No other exploration provides such valuable insight into the present.

And now, no matter what areas of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll find that The History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being published today. And no other book club we know of offers greater savings—an average of 33% off publishers' list prices.

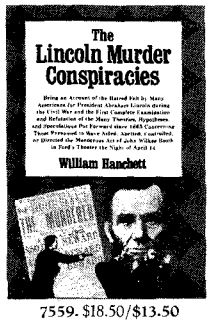
You can save even more now by taking advantage of our introductory offer. Select any 3 books on this page for just 99¢ each (values up to $90.00) when you take a fourth book at the low members' price. Your total savings as a trial member, including the introductory offer, can be more than 50%.

How the Club works: As a Club member, you'll be able to choose from the 150-200 books featured each month. Our books are always equal to the publishers' editions, never "economy reprints," and available at savings of $3, $4, $5, or more off bookstore prices. You need take only four more books in the next two years, after which you'll save even more through bonus books which you may choose from our entire list.

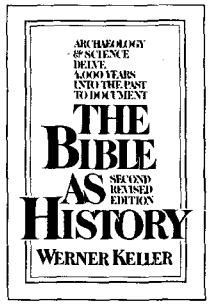
Every four weeks (13 times a year) you will receive our Review and a dated reply card. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing, the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the card by the date specified. (Book shipments will be charged to your account at low members' prices, plus postage-and-packing.)

If you should get an unwanted book because you had less than 10 days to decide, you may return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.

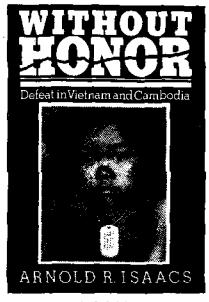
First price is publishers' list. **Boldface** shows members' price.



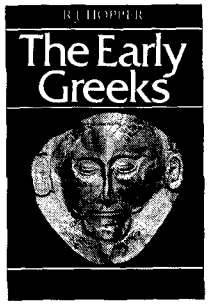
7559. $18.50/$13.50



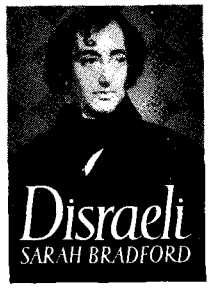
3012. $14.95/$10.95



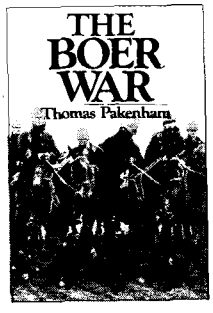
8169. $19.95/$13.95



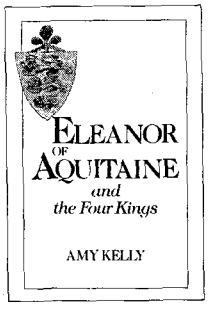
5504. $25.00/$13.00



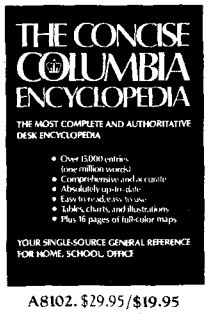
6668. $19.95/$13.95



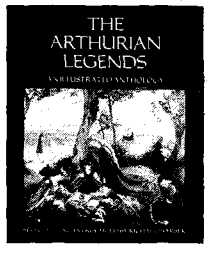
8466. $20.00/$12.50



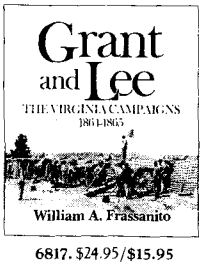
7187. $20.00/$14.50


THE CONCISE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA
THE MOST COMPLETE AND AUTHORITATIVE DESK ENCYCLOPEDIA
YOUR SINGLE-SOURCE GENERAL REFERENCE FOR HOME, SCHOOL, OFFICE

A8102. $29.95/$19.95
(counts as two of your three selections)

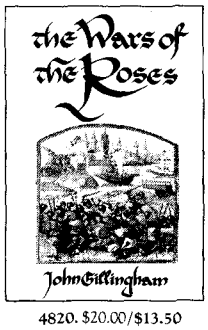


8656. $19.50/$13.95

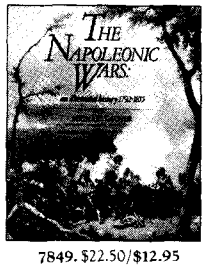


6817. $24.95/$15.95

5462. $12.50/$8.50



4820. $20.00/$13.50



7849. $22.50/$12.95

Take any 3 for 99¢ each

(values up to $90.00 with trial membership)

MORE FINE BOOKS TO CHOOSE FROM.

5652. **The Twelve Caesars.** *By Michael Grant.* $15.95/**$10.95**

4911. **The Structures Of Everyday Life: The Limits Of The Possible, 15th-18th Century.** *By Fernand Braudel.* $30.00/**$15.50**

7526. **The Rosenberg File.** *By Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton.* The true story of this controversial trial. $22.50/**$16.50**

6155. **Keepers Of The Keys: A History Of The Popes From St. Peter To John Paul II.** *By Nicolas Cheetham.* Investigates the changing role of the papacy. $19.95/**$14.50**

8284. **The Devil's Horsemen: The Mongol Invasion Of Europe.** *By James Chambers.* The dramatic, but little told story of the 13th century Golden Horde. $11.95/**$8.95**

4663. **Richard III.** *By Charles Ross.* Explores the paradox between the politically violent man and the benevolent, well-intentioned monarch. $24.50/**$13.95**

7419. **In The Shadow Of FDR: From Harry Truman To Ronald Reagan.** *By William C. Leuchtenburg.* $19.95/**$13.95**

7864. **Peron.** *By Joseph A. Page.* An illuminating biography about one of the century's most powerful political leaders. $25.00/**$17.00**

6239. **The Wheels Of Commerce: 15th To 18th Century Civilization And Capitalism.** *By Fernand Braudel.* $35.00/**$15.95**

5736. **From Alexander To Cleopatra: The Hellenistic World.** *By Michael Grant.* Covers the personalities, large monarchic states, and versatile creations of this epoch. $19.95/**$13.95**

6833. **The Name Of The Rose.** *By Umberto Eco.* A spellbinding mystery which combines elements of history, Gothic fantasy and philosophy. $15.95/**$11.95**

3970. **At Dawn We Slept: The Untold Story Of Pearl Harbor.** *By Gordon W. Prange.* $22.95/**$14.95**

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB, Dept. N,
40 Guernsey Street, Box 790, Stamford, CT 06904

Please enroll me as a trial member and send me the four books whose numbers I have entered below. Bill those on the left at 99¢ each and the fourth at the low members' price, plus postage-and-packing.

I may return the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or, I will buy four more selections within the next two years (*not counting my choices above*). Membership is cancellable anytime thereafter. All Club purchases are at the low members' prices, and a postage-and-packing fee is added to all shipments.

NZ-10SK

Print Name

Address Apt. #

City State Zip

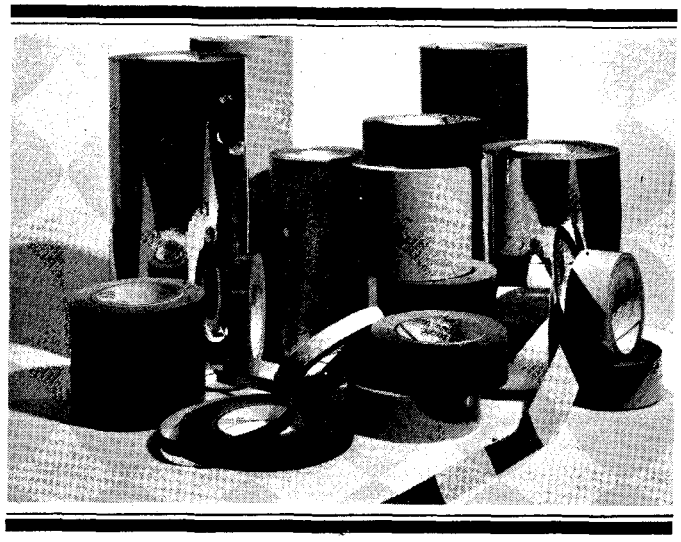
In Canada: Mail to U.S. address

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB

TP84A

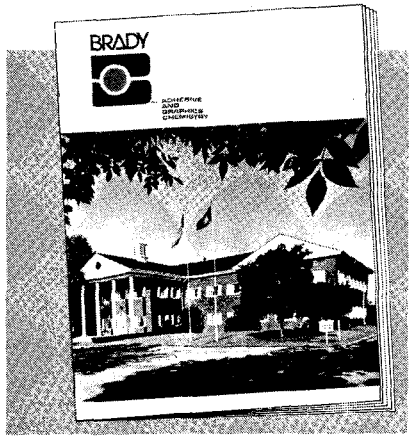
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Freedom to compete, Brady style



We're among the first to protest the government-mandated maze of regulations which dam the wellsprings of freedom and seek to substitute reams of rules for human judgment. But we still manage to run our business in unusual ways.

For example, Brady's Technicote Division takes foil, film, paper, cloth, and other materials and treats them with chemicals and coatings and then applies adhesives to them. OEM customers for this service may possibly make an end product for these materials that could be very much like one produced by another Brady division which also buys the identical base materials from Technicote. Risky? Sure it is. But risk is what freedom is all about.



Technicote will provide custom coating of a customer's own product or create a completely custom-made product to meet exacting customer requirements. Just one of many innovative Brady services for industry. Our informative new corporate brochure will tell you more about Brady... perhaps you'll see a place to put Brady to work in your company. Write for a copy today.

WBC-11

BRADY

™ ADHESIVE AND GRAPHICS CHEMISTRY

W. H. BRADY CO.
727 W. Glendale Avenue
P. O. Box 571, Milwaukee, WI 53201

that the "crux of the matter is whether Reverend Moon accepted the contributions as trustee for the church and used them for traditional religious purposes" or whether he "pocketed the funds for his personal use." However, that pertinent line of analysis is then completely abandoned. Mr. McClaughry simply assumes that the Moon "religion" is a good-faith practice of Moon's conception of the bond between man and God. Taking that for granted, the author then spins his description of constitutional horror. Under this theme, prosecution becomes persecution, and intelligent scrutiny of questionable practices becomes unfair discrimination and unwarranted, and therefore unconstitutional, government intrusion into church affairs.

The real issue is not whether Moon is a false or bona-fide messiah, or is being persecuted and turned into another Roger Williams, but whether or not he committed a crime and, therefore, must pay the penalty.

The constitutional issues raised are of the utmost concern because of the fragility of First Amendment religious liberty on the one hand, and the deadliness of its abuse on the other. The greatest care must be taken in order to preserve religious liberty, yet the constitutional bastion of religious freedom must not serve as a dark and secret haven for the exercise of practices that cannot stand the light of reasoned judgment.

Ford Greene
Ex-Moonie, former deprogrammer
San Anselmo, Calif.

As a nine-year member of the Unification Church I can tell you that only rarely have I read a statement from an author who peers through the trees of sensationalism to discover the forest of implications—constitutional or otherwise—that hover around the inhospitable treatment given to Reverend Moon and his church. Any open society entails not merely an open market, but an open culture as well, where both ritual and charisma may function free from inordinate regulation. Religious history, we must remember, records the irrepressible emergence of new forms of faith despite the efforts of "cultured despisers" (Schleiermacher's term). Thank you, Mr. McClaughry, for speaking out for religious liberty, and for reminding us of the "counsel of Gamaliel" (Acts 5:38-39).

Thomas Walsh
Nashville, Tenn.

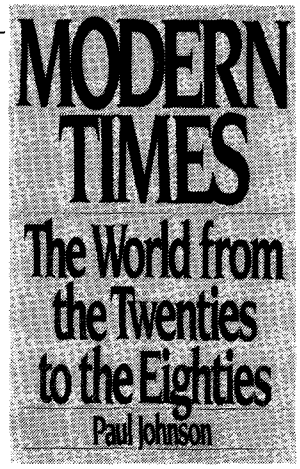
Pravda Pleaser

D. Keith Mano, in his January 27 review of *Pravda, 1982*, indeed showed a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are you as informed as you'd like to be about all the great events and movements of your lifetime?

For the first time: a sweeping, detailed survey of the significant events of our century — by a conservative. And one who manages to be both stylish and blunt



A long, leisurely "good read" of 817 pages ☐ 54 pages of Source Notes ☐ 29-page subject and proper-name Index

Rarely does a work of history receive from major publications the unbridled enthusiasm that is greeting *Modern Times*. Still less often does such a book by a conservative enjoy this kind of reception.

"A bold and capacious mind is required for what Paul Johnson has undertaken in this book: a history of the world during the last 60 years, taking in all continents and major countries. Fortunately, the author possesses in abundance the qualities necessary to the enterprise....unites historical and critical consciousness.... Johnson is most interested throughout in drawing conclusions, many of them provocative, from his materials. He stands in the train of those historians of the last two centuries for whom historical writing seemed profitless unless it yielded up revelations and judgments pertinent to the world around us....By far the greater part of Mr. Johnson's book is concerned with...the will to power...It is in this light that Mr. Johnson sees the rise, commencing with Lenin, of 'gangster-statesmen.' Among them he includes most prominently Mussolini, Stalin, Hitler and Mao Zedong. In Mr. Johnson's view, Lenin was by far the most influential ...A good deal of Mr. Johnson's book is devoted to tracing the spread of Leninism, and all its ramifications, in the world. Ordinarily we sharply distinguish communism from what became known as fascism. But he sees the distinction as being without much difference. All the founding fathers of totalitarianism, Hitler and Mussolini included, were socialists in principle...There are 20 closely-packed chapters in the book, and I must content myself with a modest selection to convey its riches....we can take a great deal of intellectual pleasure in his book, which is a truly distinguished work of history." — Robert Nisbet, page 1, *NY Times Book Review*

"Brilliant, densely textured, intellectually challenging...skillfully compressed...powerfully cautionary book." — Edmund Fuller, *Wall St. Journal*

"Rip-roaring survey of the pathology of modern relativism...provocative." — *Time*

"Delicious...Johnson's verdicts on historical figures are shrewd and unsparing. He calls Gandhi a 'sorcerer's apprentice' whose rhetoric of nonviolence was 'nonsense,' given the turmoil he ignited....About American affairs Johnson is extremely keen. He speaks contemptuously of 'the Watergate witch-hunt,' brought about by people in the media....he is not fooled by the favorable publicity the 'activist' (read: leftist) judiciary has received at home...But he ends on a note of hope, seeing 'palimpsests of freedom' amid the destruction." — Joseph Sobran, *National Review*

How do you score on men and events?

Fill in the blanks with the people Paul Johnson is referring to:

"The _____ invasion [of Washington], one visiting statesman observed, was 'like watching the Borgia brothers take over a respectable north Italian town'." (Page 614)

"In the atomic field Soviet agents included Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. Morton Sobell, David Greenglass, Harry Gold, _____ (alias Alexander Stevens), to whom Whittaker Chambers acted as courier, and Jacob Golos, as well as Klaus Fuchs, who had been cleared by British security." (Page 458)

"Yet _____ was not a statist. He said he was against any attempt 'to smuggle fascism into America through the back door'. On many issues he was a liberal....He did not make anti-Semitic jokes, like Woodrow Wilson and his wife or Franklin Roosevelt. To a very wide spectrum of educated American opinion, he was the leading American public man..." (Page 243)

History Without Tears

We stick with many a book because it's good for us, because we *ought* to read it. *Modern Times* is a welcome change, compulsively readable. As the snippets above suggest, Paul Johnson is a pleasure to read.

How to get this massive $27.95 volume FREE

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin, which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection, or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books will be offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 3 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-90% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

15 Oakland Avenue • Harrison, NY 10528

Please accept my membership in the Club and send me, free and postpaid, Paul Johnson's "truly distinguished work of history," *Modern Times*. I agree to buy 3 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 18 months. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon.

NR-40

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FEDERALIST SOCIETY

for law & public policy studies

presents

A Symposium on Legal Culture:

Legal Education & the Spirit of Contemporary American Law

There is a crisis in contemporary American legal culture. The rule of law, the importance of liberty, and the possibility of impartial legal scholarship have been called into question. The American legal system has been characterized as an instrument of oppression. Legal education has become a political issue: some would use it to achieve fundamental change in American society. The symposium will critically examine these developments and the suppositions of those who call for radical transformation.

February 24-26
Harvard Law School

J. MADISON

GUEST SPEAKERS

There will be over twenty speakers, including U.S. Court of Appeals Judges Robert Bork, Antonin Scalia, and Kenneth Starr; Deputy Solicitor General Paul Bator, Special Assistant to the President Marshall Breger, OMB Counsel Michael Horowitz; Professors Walter Berns, Richard Epstein, Charles Fried, Nathan Glazer, and Harvey C. Mansfield Jr.

INFORMATION

For information about the symposium, contact: The Harvard Society for Law & Public Policy, Harvard Law School, Cambridge, MA 02138, (617) 498-3105, Mr. Kaj Ahlburg, Vice-President, (617) 498-4813; or Mr. Eugene Meyer, Executive Director, The Federalist Society, (202) 822-8138.

All interested persons are invited to attend. Travel scholarships and lodging will be available for students.

The Federalist Society is a nationwide organization of conservative and libertarian lawyers and law students dedicated to the principles of limited government and a limited judiciary. The Society is represented at over 65 law schools.

JOHN M. ASHBROOK CENTER FOR PUBLIC AFFAIRS

$1,000 John M. Ashbrook Scholarships Offered

Ashland College is now accepting applications for 25 $1,000 scholarships created in the name of the late Congressman John M. Ashbrook. The scholarships will be given to first-year students majoring in history, political science, criminal justice, international studies, or pre-law.

The John M. Ashbrook Center for Public Affairs was inaugurated at the college by President Ronald Reagan in May 1983. The center's objective is to encourage students to pursue careers in public service.

The scholarships are being offered now for the fall semester of 1984, and they are renewable for four years. The deadline for applications is March 16, 1984.

To obtain information on applying for a scholarship, write Dr. Duncan Jamieson, Assistant to the President, Ashland College, Ashland, Ohio 44805.

Ashland College is a private, liberal arts college located midway between Cleveland and Columbus. The college has a total enrollment of more than 3,000, with 1,400 on-campus students.

ASHLAND COLLEGE

Ashland College admits students with handicaps and of any sex, race, color, age, religion, national and ethnic origin.

keen perception of the propaganda and paranoia of the Soviet press. I am very pleased that Mr. Mano found *Pravda* as therapeutic as our students did. All Americans should find it so, as well.

It may be noted, however, that the book is now available from the Rollins College Bookstore, Winter Park, Florida 32789, for $10.50. All income from sales is donated to assist Rollins students in the study of Russian in the USSR—with promised emphasis on English en route.

E. F. Danowitz
Professor Emeritus of Russian
Rollins College
Winter Park, Fla.

Double Standards

In "The Week" [Jan. 27] NATIONAL REVIEW comments ironically on Fidel Castro's 25th anniversary in Cuba, and then, under the head "Death Squads, Truth Squads," urges that the United States avert its gaze from the actions, "however ghastly," of the militant right-wing groups in El Salvador. The Castro piece puts the Cuban despot in the same boat as Pol Pot for his cruel treatment of the people of that nation, and rightly so: The echo of Castro's iron hammer striking the anvil that is Cuba is heard the world over. With the same breath, however, that impugns Fidel's truculence, NATIONAL REVIEW says that the right-wing death squads are the lesser of two evils in El Salvador.

I must admit: I am young, I am idealistic. But is killing immoral, is murder unforgivable, only when the result is not to our liking? It is not for such thinking, such myopic rationalization, that I registered my name with the Selective Service late last year.

Michael Ware
Columbus, Ohio

Dove or Hawke?

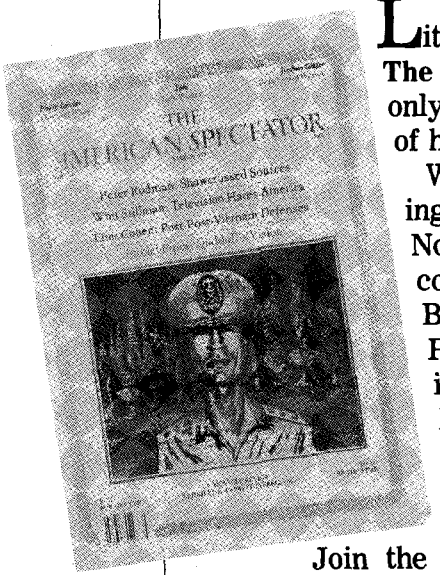
Brian Crozier makes reference to "Australia's Prime Minister John Fraser" who "leads the Labor Party" ["The Commonwealth Burden," Jan. 27]. The current prime minister is Labor's Bob Hawke. He took office last March after defeating Liberal Party leader Malcolm Fraser. After extensive checking I found that Mr. Fraser's first name is in fact John, but calling him John Fraser is about as appropriate as referring to F. Scott Fitzgerald as Francis Fitzgerald.

Ted J. Smith III
Charlottesville, Va.

Nostra culpa; not Mr. Crozier's. A helpful copy-reader inserted the name John Fraser, thereby scoring a first: three errors in two words. —PLB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The American Spectator is nervy with impudent opinions about politics, culture, and ideology.



Literate in its writing, independent in its thinking, **The American Spectator** is predictable in one respect only: It appeals to your intelligence and your sense of humor.

While **The American Spectator** takes delight in being irreverently funny, it can also be deadly serious. Not only does it take on the liberal media's sacred cows—Betty Friedan, Ralph Nader, Tip O'Neill, Bob Dole, Environmentalism, The New Industrial Policy—but it presents thoughtful analyses of ideas and people the media denigrate—Supply-Side Economics, Deregulation, the new Civil Rights Commission, Marva Collins, Thomas Sowell, Arthur Koestler, and Ronald Reagan.

Join the growing roster of subscribers to **The American Spectator**. The coupon contains an offer that will save you a heap of money. Mail it today.

" . . . nothing else quite like it on the American Scene."
—Irving Kristol

Election Year Special

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, Indiana 47402

Open my trial subscription (8 giant, tabloid-sized issues) at your special money-saving price of only $11.95.

☐ Check for $11.95 enclosed. In return for my prepayment send me an additional issue. Full refund guaranteed if I don't like the first issue.

☐ Bill me for $11.95 (sorry, no additional issue). If I don't like my first issue I'll write cancel across the invoice, return it to you and owe nothing.

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

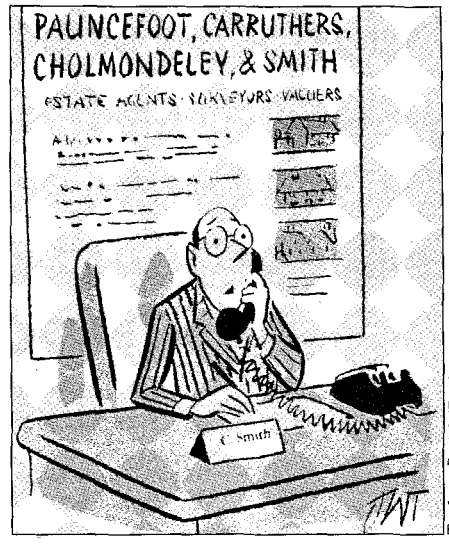
For subscriptions outside U.S. please add $4 for postage. 4NBA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

Wall Street likes **Ronald Reagan** much better the second time around. *Wall Street Journal*/**Gallup** survey of 822 top executives at large and medium-sized companies found nine out of ten favor Reagan re-election. Speaking of Reagan announcement of candidacy, **Robert M. Gardiner**, chairman and chief executive officer of Dean Witter Reynolds, said: "I think it would have been a disaster if he had said anything else." . . . One gloomy note comes from **Henry Kaufman**, chief economist at Salomon Brothers and long-time booster of Democratic candidates. "The disappointing part to me," said Kaufman, "is that the President this year will not go to bat to enforce a substantial reduction in the budget deficit." . . . **Milton Friedman** blames high deficits on Congress, not Reagan. In interview with *The Socioeconomic Newsletter*, Friedman declared that the only way to cut deficits was a constitutional amendment to require a balanced budget and a limit on spending. "The truth is," says Friedman, "Congress enjoys spending much more than it enjoys cutting." . . . Supply-sider **Paul Craig Roberts**, former assistant secretary of Treasury for economic policy in early Reagan Administration, accuses Budget Director **David Stockman**, Chief Economic Advisor **Martin Feldstein**, and Finance Committee Chairman **Robert Dole** of "going out of their way to create hysteria over the deficit" in order to "maneuver the President into a situation where he will have to accept higher taxes." . . . Stockman didn't win himself any new friends among conservatives with his *Fortune* interview in which he saw little hope of cutting budget. Some conservatives call for dumping Stockman and replacing him with **J. Peter Grace**, who headed Grace Commission on government waste. . . . Conservatives are also going after **Paul Volcker** and his tight hand at the Fed, which some fear could hurt economic recovery. Rep. **Jack Kemp** wants the Fed to act to bring interest rates down. "Volcker and the board," warns Kemp, "are inviting congressional action, and perhaps irresponsible action, if they abort the recovery."

Conservatives have lost two friends in White House. In addition to **Edwin Meese** moving over to head Justice Department, **Morton C. Blackwell**, who was White House liaison with conservatives, has just left Administration. Blackwell was reportedly frustrated by "pragmatists" in White House. . . . After some grilling by liberals, Meese is expected to win Senate confirmation as Attorney General. What really worries liberals is that Meese may soon move on to Supreme Court. Only two members have joined Court since 1971—**John Paul Stevens** in 1975 and **Sandra Day O'Connor** in 1981. **Jimmy Carter** is only full-term President in history denied opportunity to nominate at least one Justice. . . . Reagan's State of the Union Address and his speech to convention of National Religious Broadcasters in Washington—attended by Rev. **Jerry Falwell**, among others—emphasized social issues. He told NRB convention: "We cannot pretend America is preserving her first and highest ideal—the belief that each life is sacred—when we've permitted the death of 15 million helpless innocents since the *Roe* v. *Wade* decision." . . . Who's responsible for Reagan's stress on social issues? **Ben Elliott**, director of White House speechwriting staff, gives credit to Reagan. "In this White House," says Elliott, "the President is the chief speechwriter." . . . Foes of abortion are elated over Vatican's choice of Bishop **John O'Connor** of Scranton to head the archdiocese of New York. O'Connor has already said his "Number One priority" would be to "devote" himself to defending human life, "especially the life of the unborn." Newsletter *catholic eye* spotted Bishop O'Connor well before rest of press. Back in November, *eye* surveyed field of candidates for New York and found very few "papal loyalists." But of O'Connor it said, "Scranton's Bishop O'Connor is the exception, not the rule." The appointment, says latest *eye*, "signals **John Paul**'s strong desire for a change of course for the Catholic Church in the United States."



Taylor, *Punch*/Rothco

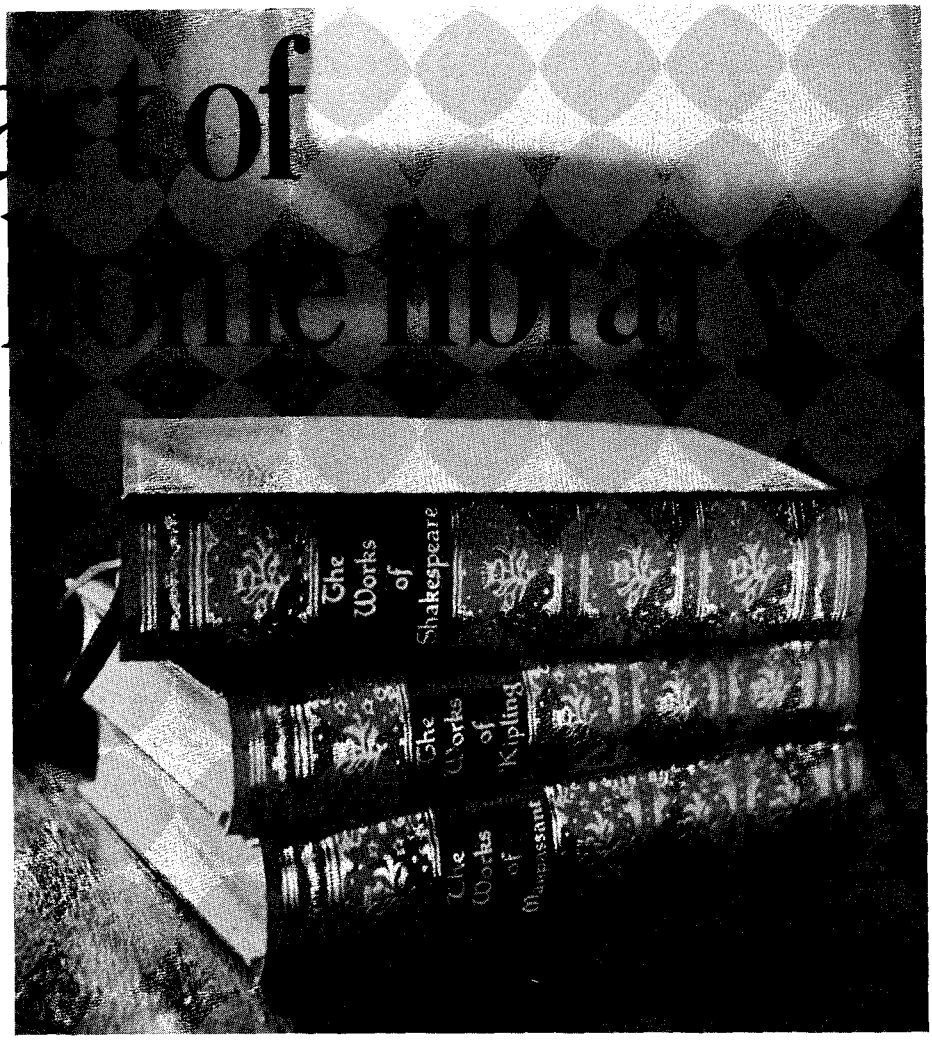
"It's only me."

What are Reagan's chances? "Beginning in 1900, where sitting Presidents have run, they have won re-election 11 out of 15 times," says political scientist **James Sundquist**. GOP pols say Reagan will do better in state-by-state breakdown than in popular vote. Of ten most populous states, only Massachusetts is considered unwinnable. California, Florida, and Texas are said to be solid for Reagan. . . . **Hamilton Jordan**, former aide to former President, expects Reagan to do well in South. "The country is becoming more conservative," says Jordan, "and the South is more conservative than the country." . . . When it comes to gender gaps, **Mondale** has more to worry about than Reagan. According to **Lou Cannon** and **David Broder** in *Washington Post*, Mondale has an eight-point lead over Reagan with women, but Reagan has a 12-point lead with men.

After hearing Jimmy Carter complain to **Barbara Walters** that Reagan never calls him for advice, wags are saying Mondale should demand that Carter say as much for his former Veep.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The start of a fine home library



Regularly $34.35. Now only $1 each.

Let us send you, for the token price of only $1 each, three books that have served as cornerstones in many a fine home library.

The complete works of Shakespeare

This beautiful 1300-page volume contains every word Shakespeare ever wrote. All 37 of his comedies, tragedies, and historical dramas including Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth, etc. Also all of his poems and sonnets.

The works of Kipling

Actually eight books in one. A complete novel and 139 stories, ballads and verses loved the world over, including Mandalay, Gunga Din, The Phantom Rickshaw, etc.

The works of De Maupassant

128 matchless tales by the acknowledged master of the short story. Every story complete and unexpurgated: The Diamond Necklace, A Piece of String, The Will, etc.

Each volume is clothed in a handsomely-tooled binding of antique ecru with both the elegant look and feel of leather.

You will enjoy reading these books, just as millions before you have. Your friends will admire them, perhaps even envy you for owning them. And your children will gain a real advantage with books like these always close at hand.

We offer you three books of this calibre for only $1 each to introduce you to our new Golden Giants Series. We think you will be impressed. And we hope you will want to own others in the Series, as they become available, including:

Hugo. 36 complete works including Hunchback of Notre Dame, A Woman of the Streets, The Souls.

Stevenson. 39 novels, stories, poems. Treasure Island, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Kidnaped, etc.

Doyle. All the best of Sherlock Holmes—The Sign of The Four, Red-Headed League, plus other works.

Poe. 91 works: Annabel Lee, The Raven, The Gold Bug, Murders in the Rue Morgue, etc.

The full series will also include the works of Cellini, Wilde, Ibsen, Browning, Longfellow, Emerson, Dostoevsky, Byron and many others.

Normally, you would expect to pay $15 each or more for deluxe editions of books like these. But our direct-to-the-public method of book distribution (which we have specialized in for over 50 years) lets us make these volumes available for only $11.45 each, plus shipping.

Send no money now. Simply mail coupon to get your first three volumes for only $1 each, plus shipping, and to reserve the privilege of examining future volumes as they come from the press.

You will receive advance description of all upcoming volumes. You may reject any book before or after you receive it. And you may cancel your reservation any time you wish.

Mail coupon to: Black's Readers Service, Roslyn, New York 11576.

PUBLISHED BY
WALTER J. BLACK, INC.
ESTABLISHED 1923

Black's Readers Service

ROSLYN, NEW YORK 11576

Please enroll me as a subscriber and send me at once SHAKESPEARE, KIPLING and DE MAUPASSANT. I enclose *no money now*. After a week's examination, I will either keep my books and pay $3 (plus shipping) or return them.

Also reserve for me additional volumes in the Golden Giants of Literature Series. As a subscriber, I will get advance descriptions of future volumes. For each volume I choose, I will pay just $11.45(plus shipping). I may return any book, for full credit within 21 days and I may cancel my reservation at any time.

MR./MRS./MS. _____ 4-GF
(Please print plainly)

ADDRESS _____ G02D8X

CITY & STATE _____ ZIP_____

Note: Subscribers accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only; offer slightly different in Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

As the federal budget climbs like a crazy vine toward a trillion bucks (that's the one with 12 zeroes, if you're still keeping track), lo, the *Washington Post* comes through with a piece on "The Misers of Capitol Hill." "Congress's spendthrift image is a bad rap," we are informed. Glad to set the record straight.

You might expect caution and coyness in an election year, but the day after the Announcement, President Reagan spoke to a convention of the National Religious Broadcasters in clarion tones. He condemned abortion, specifically referring to the agony of the unborn who are being destroyed; and he endorsed school prayer again. What's more, he tweaked that great liberal holy of unholies, the ACLU, for criticizing his proclamation of 1983 as "Year of the Bible": "I wear their indictment like a badge of honor." NATIONAL REVIEW is strongly tempted to support the President for re-election.

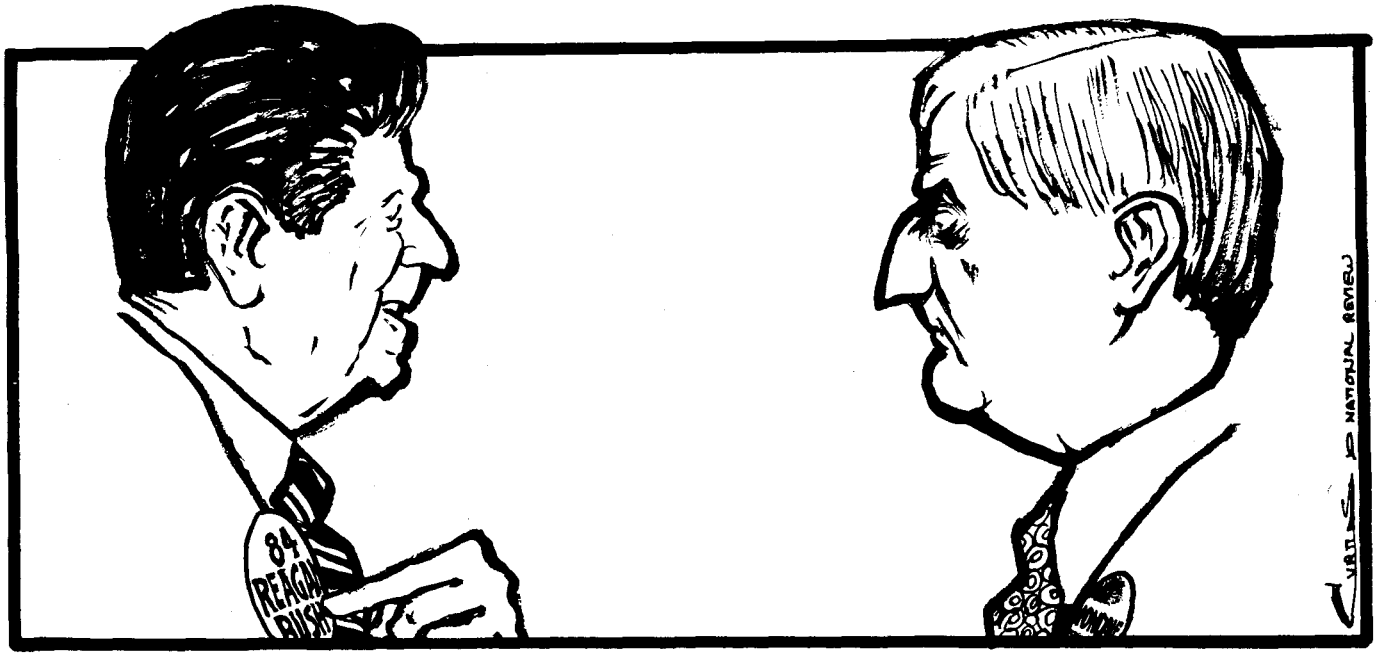
Une hirondelle ne fait pas le printemps, of course, but it beats a blizzard. One thinks of Tip O'Neill's amazing statement when he charged Mr. Reagan with the duty of balancing the budget: "He's running the government; we're not running the government." One had the paralyzing thought that His Corpulence had somehow, in his political carousing, unwittingly risen to a half-truth. And then Senator Paul Tsongas, Massachusetts's other gift to the Democratic Left, announced that he was ill, would not stand for re-election, and would seek a new career at the age of 43. He had been a shoo-in for re-election; turning one's back on a term in the Senate says with some eloquence that one has little hope of accomplishing anything worth while as a senator—as a liberal Democratic senator, that is. Oh yes, and Richard Ottinger, long-time liberal Democratic congressman from New York's posh Westchester County, being in fine health but simply disgusted with Congress, has announced his retirement at the age of 55; interviewed, he couldn't bring himself to support any Democrat in the House of Representatives. Patrick Caddell, the pollster-strategist to the Democratic Party, finds the Democrats "wandering in a political desert," at the brink of becoming "a lifeless force" (*New Republic*, February 6).

The Treasury Department, in its never-ending search for new euphemisms for "tax increase," offers this choice coinage: "tax base erosion control."

One of the genuine personal tragedies of the contest for the 1984 Democratic nomination has been Senator Gary Hart. He is intelligent and thoughtful, but none of this has come across. Apparently unable to resist total vulgarization, Mr. Hart has become Bakelite-left. He is for the freeze, against Grenada, against Nicaragua/El Salvador, wants military cuts, blah blah blah, and is now trying to revive, no kidding, Watergate. He has been accusing Reagan of "contempt for the public trust" because of things like Richard Allen's wristwatches and Charles Wick's phone taps. Snoresville. Senator Hart promised new ideas. Oh well, maybe he will come out for the Louisiana Purchase.

Fifteen years ago the first strategic-arms-limitations agreements settled our silo system at 1,054 silos, none of them concealed, and held the Soviets to their then-current missile techniques. They broke the agreement by replacing the single-warhead missiles with newer ones carrying ten warheads each and by replacing light missiles with serious ones. They acquired the capacity to drop on each of our silos five warheads, when two were enough for a knockout. During the same period we adopted a set of policies that eschewed any attempt to protect our silos or defend our population from missile attack. Defenselessness, as a substitute for proof of friendliness, passed for a guaranty of safe conduct. Against our 100 reliably available long-range bombers left over from a generation earlier, the Soviets staked out 3,000 interceptor planes, 12,000 anti-aircraft missiles, and 7,000 radars. Although the agreements forbade anti-ballistic-missile defense, the Soviets started testing anti-missile rockets at extreme altitudes (100,000 feet). They are now setting up those rockets in the field (in a matter of seconds they can accelerate to 12,000

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



State of the Union

miles an hour). They have set up a long-range radar-computer battle-management ("high frontier") center in central Siberia, in perfect violation of the agreements. And don't blame Reagan's bellicosity; the Soviets have been planning that one for the better part of a decade. No, they don't play fair. No, it won't do any good to complain. It remains to be seen whether Congress can bring itself to understand the peril and take the necessary steps, and whether the Soviets will sit idly by and allow us to escape from their carefully prepared strategic clutches.

Stanley Rothman and Robert Lichter have done it again. Rothman and Lichter, you may remember, are the pollsters who have carried out path-breaking surveys of the political opinions of influential groups in the media and elsewhere. So far, they have found ultra-liberal views among a number of these groups including "public-interest" activists (96 per cent for McGovern in 1972), the news elite (81 per cent for McGovern), and the television elite (82 per cent). Now they have turned their attention to two more groups: high-level government bureaucrats ("How Liberal Are Bureaucrats?" in the American Enterprise Institute magazine *Regulation*) and the movie elite ("What Are Moviemakers Made Of?" in AEI's *Public Opinion*). The moviemakers turn out to be fully as liberal as their colleagues at the networks and the newspapers: 82 per cent voted for McGovern, 62 per cent find American society alienating, 59 per cent want the government to redistribute income. The bureaucrats are not quite as left-wing, surprisingly. They voted 57 per cent for McGovern and 52 per cent for income redistribution; only 27 per cent of them think U.S. society causes alienation. Overall, the bureaucrats seem about midway between the off-the-wall leftism of the media/Hollywood elites and the views of the average American. The media like to pose as an intermediary between the people and the government, but it looks more as if the government is the one that is steering between the preferences of the media and the people.

Lamentably, the English language lacks any unit large enough to measure government profligacy. The basic *$GNP*, long thought to be a limit of sorts (on the erroneous assumption that politicians could not spend more than everybody makes), has been so debased that it is now not even worth a gleam in a politician's eye. The *godzillion*, a unit *NR* introduced some years ago—meaning "a number far too vast for human comprehension; used only to calculate government spending"—proves inadequate for computing the competitive bidding of eight Democratic presidential hopefuls. The *umptigodzillion*, also introduced here ("countless godzillions"), is still useful, but will surely be obsolete by the turn of the century. What then? Perhaps the *aleph-null*, testing the proposition that politicians can spend more than plus-infinity?

According to Dr. Donald Abrams of San Francisco General Hospital, 25 per cent of homosexual men in San Francisco suffer from lymphadenopathy, a pre-AIDS syndrome. If Chuck Colson had not been born again, we'd swear he was behind the choice of San Francisco for the 1984 Democratic Convention.

The Accredited Victim population continues to expand at a rate that would appall Malthus. In an edi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

IN MID-JANUARY, the newly reconstituted U.S. Civil Rights Commission dropped a bombshell: In a 6 to 2 decision, it rejected quotas. A few days later, the chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities, William Bennett, dropped another bombshell: He not only took action within his own agency that reflected the commission's ruling, but he refined and enlarged its rationale in a way that has this town holding its breath.

Chairman Bennett wrote to the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission that he was declining its request to set numerical goals for women and minorities employed by the Endowment, and that he would not provide indices of "under-representation." "To believe in human equality and equal liberty," Mr. Bennett wrote, "can mean nothing less than to treat white and black, male and female, Jew and Gentile as morally equal."

The regulations to which Mr. Bennett refers are some thirty pages of EEOC charts, graphs, and assorted claptrap, whose unstated but obvious admonitions are: "Admit your guilt," and, "Tell us what you are going to do to shape up," i.e., how you are going to hire in the future by race and sex. "The whole thing struck me as degrading," notes Bennett.

In his letter, Bennett calmly traces his action back to the charter philosophy of the Republic, stressing that "the fundamental idea of America is contained in two simple words: no privilege. In this country, and especially in this government, there should be no privileged people, no privileged sexes, no privileged religions, no privileged races, no privileged classes."

Where the letter moves skillfully beyond the current terms of debate is on the issue of race- and gender-based "goals" and "timetables." Mr. Bennett rejects these, arguing that to require an agency to set and state numerical goals for hiring is to demand that that agency anticipate hiring on the basis of such "goals"—i.e., that it consider race and sex and color as reasonable ingredients of such decisions. "But they are not," the letter insists, adding: "We would find it difficult to envision a time when the answer, 'Because she was a black female,' or 'Because he was a Jew,' would be the legitimate response to the question, 'Why did you hire or promote or fire this person?' "

The Bennett action received relatively little treatment by the press, but the treatment it did receive was generally fair and even positive. The *Washington Post* gave it good coverage, quoting extensively from Bennett's persuasive rationale for his action.

And that was all that was heard on the subject for awhile, except for numerous phone calls from conservative supporters. Then the other shoe dropped: The House Government Activities Subcommittee, chaired by black Representative Cardiss Collins (D., Ill.), began telephoning its 56 questions to the Endowment, instigated, we hear, by the Congressional Black Caucus. Chairman Bennett, whose agency is immaculate in its hiring record and practices, replied that he will furnish data and numbers to Representative Collins, but no answers to questions on "under-representation," quotas, or goals. As the first of 110 agency heads to take such action, the intrepid Mr. Bennett is not exactly unarmed for the contest: With Terry Eastland of the Justice Department, he was co-author of *Counting by Race*, which, along with the Justice Department's own two-year resistance to the EEOC, will fortify him.

CIA Director William Casey lately suggested to President Reagan that he replace the departing Ed Meese with another conservative like Jeane Kirkpatrick of the United Nations or Ed Feulner of the Heritage Foundation. Paul Laxalt also weighed in on the subject. But the President replied that Mr. Meese would have just as much influence with him speaking from the Justice Department as he had had with him speaking from the White House, and that he personally admired each of the individuals mentioned, but he did not like the internal conflict that such an appointment would generate. In sum, he would have none of it, and the Meese vacancy will stay that way. Conservatives who worry that James Baker will sway the President observe that, while Meese may not have initiated much on his own, he prevented catastrophes from taking place, like Mr. Baker's seizure of the National Security Council. The odd (and unnoticed) twist here is that Mr. Meese himself is as adamant as Mr. Reagan that his old White House job go unfilled. —CATO

---

torial on abortion ("the sad necessity," sniff sniff), the *New York Times* remarks that "unintended pregnancies" tend to strike "victims of contraceptive failure, ignorance, and innocence." Victims of innocence, forsooth! Is there anything you *can't* be a victim of? Victims of the world unite, and prosper.

We look forward to the publication, this February, of *A Central American Reader*, one of the works in progress at Ernest Lefever's Ethics and Public Policy Center. This anthology of essays and statements, edited by Daniel James and Robert Royal, should be an important addition to the debate on that war-torn and controversial region. Other studies in progress at the center cover topics such as the role of various religions in American politics, the repression of religion in the Soviet Union, and education, including a portrait of the NEA, "an ideological union."

How the West Was Lost (Installment #9,151): In 1983 the average American household watched television seven hours and two minutes a day.

Remember Gerry Studds? He's the liberal Democrat whom the House censured last year for a homosexual fling with a 17-year-old page some years earlier. Studds defended himself on high moral (not to say sanctimonious) grounds, said he hadn't done anything funny recently, and has now announced he'll run for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

re-election to the body that deplores him. Wonder if he's gotten into S/M.

Yuri Andropov is still [DEAD] this week.

Guess who's better off than four years ago? Joined a Washington law firm, wheeled and dealed, took advantage of Reagan's tax cuts, and made a cool million for himself? Fellow named Walter Mondale.

Wonder where he put his million. In new business ventures, creating jobs for Americans? Or in municipal bonds to escape taxes (known, outside Washington, as tossing the money down a rat hole)?

No matter. If elected, he'll have to place it all in a blind trust. You know: the "wall of separation" between his policies and his fortune.

Hardly seems fair. If he's elected, the whole damned country should be put in a blind trust.

Managed by a former actor and statesman, living in retirement on a ranch near Santa Barbara.

Once More with Feeling

A bombing here, an ambush there,
And shellings in the public square
Add up to lots of people dead,
As Everett Dirksen might have said;
Meanwhile, the average citizen,
From Maronite to Saracen,
Appears determined to replay
The fourteenth century, today.

W. H. von Dreele

On to November

First with his State of the Union Address, then with his announcement of candidacy, President Reagan has dominated the news and almost entirely eclipsed his Democratic rivals. For those who appreciate the art of politics, it was a bravura performance. Some fifty million people watched the State of the Union Address, which laid down the principal themes of the coming campaign, and four days later Reagan even managed to introduce some suspense into his by then inevitable announcement of candidacy: "I've come," he said early on, "to a difficult personal decision as to whether or not I should seek re-election." He held the actual announcement for his penultimate sentence: "I am therefore announcing that I am a candidate and will seek re-election to the office I presently hold."

Not since Eisenhower in 1956—perhaps not since FDR twenty years earlier—has a presidential campaign begun under more favorable auspices. Polls are showing Reagan's approval rating at 56 per cent or even higher. Inflation has dropped to 3.2 per cent, interest rates have been halved, the economy is surging. *Newsweek* covered his announcement with a feature story entitled "Ronald Reagan's Magic." In April he will visit Peking and, of course, the Great Wall, and will announce major trade agreements. In June, he will visit the beaches of Normandy to commemorate the fortieth anniversary of D-Day. After that come the summer Olympics in Los Angeles; our medal winners, no doubt, will be welcomed in the Rose Garden. We will have the Republican Convention in Dallas, plus, at some point along the line, a ticker-tape parade as the Marines come home from Beirut. If the Soviets realize that Reagan is likely to be re-elected, they may well cut a deal with him soon, recognizing that he will be in an even stronger bargaining position after the voting.

To be sure, the unexpected can and usually does, in some form, happen, and it would be foolish to extend the present in a linear way into the future.

But Reagan's opposition continues to look third-rate. Frustrated by the surging economy, the Democrats have been stressing foreign policy; but, as they formulate it, this has meant mainly themes of weakness and retreat. They are all for a "freeze," in which the Soviets show no interest. They would "delay" the deployment of our intermediate-range missiles in Europe, despite the fact—unmentioned—that this could wreck NATO, and, though they criticize Reagan's "bellicosity," they do not mention such inconvenient items as those Soviet SS-20s. They were uniformly negative on Grenada, and they are negative on Central America. Turning their backs on the modern traditions of their party, they are in fact isolationists. At home they espouse such popular causes as higher taxes, reverse discrimination, and busing.

A master personality or supreme demagogue might have been able to transcend the inherent weaknesses of all this, and so the Democrats' real hope has all along been that a "hero" like Glenn or some new face like Gary Hart would emerge to challenge the lackluster Mondale and galvanize the voters. This has not happened, and Jesse Jackson, providing the only touch of life and color in the midst of this waxworks, may well be the beneficiary of a substantial protest/boredom vote.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marrano Journalism

A RECENT ARTICLE in *The New Republic* asks why the press has been unable to draw much blood from Ronald Reagan, despite catching him out in many "gaffes" and making the most of his every inaccuracy. The answer that emerges is that Reagan's "ideology" is more or less fact-proof and survives any amount of nitpicking: If he tells about a welfare queen in Chicago who defrauded the government of $1 million and it turns out that the lady in question lives in Los Angeles, that she only took $236,000, and that the government dropped the criminal charges, nobody really feels that Reagan's point has been capsized.

Nevertheless, Reagan's invulnerability causes the reporters interviewed in *The New Republic*'s story to gnash their teeth, and to confide to the author, Sidney Blumenthal, some revealing comments. Curtis Wilkie of the *Boston Globe* notes that "there have been some very tough stories written" about "all [Reagan's] ludicrous foolishness," including "his 'evil empire' speeches" (this was before the evil empire murdered a planeload). But, Wilkie complains, none of these stories seems to hurt Reagan.

Likewise Steven Weisman of the *New York Times*: "The rules of Establishment journalism are constraining in making a judgment . . . The boundaries are narrow, especially compared to European standards. The thing we seize on the most is these inaccuracies. It's one of the things we can write about that's permissible. And it tells you something fundamental about Reagan. His misstatements get right to the fundamental misunderstanding he may have of the issues." He adds that Reagan is "a very frustrating quarry."

And Lou Cannon, who recently complained that "Reagan is getting a fairer press than he deserves," tells Blumenthal: "The conventions of journalism don't allow you to get close to [read: get] Reagan."

All very interesting. The canons of journalism—objectivity and all that—inhibit these journalists' pursuit of their "quarry." They try to bring him down with mere pellets of fact, but it's hard, it's hard.

What they really seem to be practicing is a sort of ideological marranoism, professing the orthodoxies of journalism while pursuing a hidden agenda of their own: to damage or destroy Reagan. Granted, you shouldn't shoot the messenger, but these messengers seem to be loaded for bear themselves.

The Apotheosis of Ed Meese

Sure, it's wonderful to see him rise
  Straight up from center stage
As the ACLU liberals
  Gnash bridgework in their rage,
But without detracting from his joy,
  I'd simply like to note
That leaves Baker in the White House, while
  We've lost our only vote.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Mondale Tax Plan

WALTER MONDALE's campaign advisors thought he was being hurt by his reputation for vagueness. So they had him give a speech in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, unveiling some details of an economic plan to cut the deficit by raising taxes by $60 billion and cutting spending by $40 billion. Damaging vagueness has now given way to even more damaging specificity.

Goodbye, flat tax. The Democratic Party's brightest economic idea may be the Bradley-Gephardt plan, which would cut tax rates to a maximum of 30 per cent while simplifying the tax code drastically. (Backers of this plan want the income tax to be graduated, but realize that confiscatory rates drive people into tax shelters and raise little revenue.) Now Mondale has decisively repudiated the Bradley-Gephardt principle by calling for a big hike in the top rates, consisting of a rollback of the Reagan tax cut for incomes above $60,000 and an added 10 per cent surtax on incomes above $100,000.

Tightening the thumbscrews. As taxpayers prepare their 1983 returns, they are beginning to feel the full brunt of TEFRA, the 1982 Dole tax bill, and especially its provisions aiming to gain "taxpayer compliance" by multiplying paperwork and gutting taxpayers' due-process rights. Now Mondale has thrown away this issue by calling for even more Draconian compliance measures to raise another $10 billion.

The return of bracket creep. The bulk of Mondale's new revenue would come from allowing inflation to push taxpayers into higher brackets. His proposal would raise $30 billion by refusing to index the income tax; almost all of this would come out of middle-class hides, since the super-rich are already in the highest brackets. Mondale says he wants to keep some indexing at lower brackets, but that sort of law could not be sustained indefinitely: The brackets would begin running into each other. Indexing fundamentally stands for honesty in government, and it is hard to put it to dishonest use.

The mirage of spending cuts. It is safe to say that Mondale's spending proposals will not endanger his reputation for vagueness. He says he will save $15 billion through controls on hospital costs, even though a liberal Congress under Jimmy Carter turned down just such a program. More amazing, he vows to save

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

$10 billion through better administration of farm programs, presumably in ways that don't affect his Cedar Rapids listeners. With that, he abandons all hope of attacking Reagan for overly optimistic budgeting.

Republicans may hope that Mondale's Cedar Rapids speech will be his "$1,000-for-everyone" debacle, dragging him down as it did McGovern in 1972. More likely, it will be like Jimmy Carter's ill-fated "reindustrialization" scheme in 1980, which was scoffed at for a week, put on the shelf, and quickly forgotten. In either case, Reagan's campaign staff must be heaving a collective sigh of relief.

Bravo!

WONDROUSLY ENOUGH, the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights has come out in favor of civil rights. That is to say, it has taken the position that its business is to guarantee justice to individuals, not goodies for ethnic lobbies; fair procedures, not politically advantageous outcomes.

In one 5 to 3 vote, the commission canceled a study of how budget cutbacks affected blacks and Hispanics, rightly deeming this a policy question. And by a 6 to 2 vote, it condemned the Detroit police department's "affirmative action" quota hiring system as a *violation* of civil rights. Quotas, the commission said, merely create "a new class of victims" and, when enforced by government itself, "offend the constitutional principle of equal protection of the law for all citizens."

Outnumbered and outraged, Carter appointee Mary Berry denounced the commission as currently constituted: It is "no longer the conscience of America on civil rights." Her ideas of both conscience and civil rights would be interesting to unpack, inasmuch as she has found nice things to say about both Communist China and the Soviet Union during her career. But we can safely translate her remark as a complaint that it is no longer easy to smuggle left-wing principles into the system under the guise of civil rights. This is as it should be.

Cui Bono?

IN A RECENT speech at Fordham University, Cardinal Joseph Bernardin argued for "linkage" among a "cluster" of pro-life issues: abortion, capital punishment, nuclear freeze, and the like.

Pardon us, but we get the funny feeling that the cardinal is pulling a fast one on the anti-abortion movement, and that he is attempting to confer Catholic legitimacy on the liberal agenda. He seems to be trying to give fashionable liberal causes parity with official Catholic moral teaching, and to tell pro-lifers: "Unless you adopt the whole liberal agenda, you have no right to oppose abortion." We'd feel somewhat reassured if he'd say to the Catholic Left: "Unless you oppose abortion, the rest of your agenda is hollow." But somehow we can't imagine him saying that.

Even to a non-Catholic there is something demoralizing about the spectacle of the trendy churchman, the custodian of the eternal currying favor with the ephemeral, trying to assign current causes equal importance with the settled doctrines of centuries. In the Catholic Church of Gregory the Great, Pius XII, and even Alexander VI, it took several centuries for a doctrine to become a dogma. In the Church of What's Happening Now, the process has accelerated, and takes only a few weeks.

It really ought to be obvious to Cardinal Bernardin that the anti-abortion position is morally compelling in a way that the anti-capital-punishment position is not. It is wrong to kill the innocent; does it follow that it is also wrong to kill the guilty? Tell it to Moses, and wait for his answer. But those who say it is wrong to kill the guilty have a hard time admitting it is also wrong to kill the innocent, and they are in present need of the cardinal's attention. There is no reason for him to confine his rebukes to the orthodox. The tragedy for him is that he believes there is.

Terror at American University

THE ASSASSINATION of Malcolm Kerr, president of the American University of Beirut, was a quintessential act of terrorism. It served no rational military purpose whatsoever, but it did advance the classic strategic objectives of all terrorism: to engender indiscriminate fear among a target population and to strike at every institution upholding a society slated for destruction.

The target population in this instance was the American community in Beirut, which has already experienced a chilling paralysis as a result of the attack. Terrorist violence against American servicemen or diplomats is an anticipated occurrence in Beirut; attacks against American civilians who do not represent the U.S. Government are a very different matter indeed. Such distinctions evidently no longer count for much in the perverse calculus of terrorism. "We are responsible for the assassination of the president of the American University of Beirut, who was a victim of the American military presence in Lebanon," said the anonymous callers who claimed responsibility for the deed. "We also vow that not a single American or Frenchman will remain on this soil."

In murdering Malcolm Kerr, the terrorists were striking not only at the American community in Beirut, but also at Lebanese society itself, their ultimate target. The American University of Beirut was among

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the few remaining oases of peace in Lebanon, an institution that has long contributed to the vitality and cohesion of that troubled land. A private university founded by Protestant missionaries more than 160 years ago, the American University is widely respected throughout the Middle East, which it has blessed with several generations of top Arab doctors, engineers, teachers, and political leaders. Somehow, until now, it has always managed to stand above the factional strife and continue functioning as a university in the finest sense of the word, even when its host country was engulfed in the flames of civil war. Its very tenacity has made it a symbol of hope for Lebanon.

As for Malcolm Kerr, he was a gentle, peace-loving scholar, fluent in Arabic and in love with Lebanon, where he was raised and educated. Mr. Kerr bore no grudge or disrespect toward any of Lebanon's sectarian factions. If they had any cause for irritation with him at all, it was only the scrupulous effort he made to hold himself and his university above their squabbling, never taking sides or manifesting favoritism. Kerr accepted the presidency of American University in full awareness of the risks the job entailed (his predecessor had been kidnapped and held for several months by Islamic extremists, before being released); he wanted to live in Lebanon and contribute to its rebuilding as a nation.

The terrorists killed Kerr because the university he headed symbolizes order and enlightenment, and thus stands in the way of the kind of Lebanon they wish to create. The terrorists likewise have attacked and will continue to attack American interests, institutions, and citizens throughout the region, because the United States represents values they abhor and upholds an order they wish to destroy. The kinds of deeds they commit should inspire determination that neither they, nor their type, nor their ultimate backers shall ever be allowed to triumph in the Middle East or in any other corner of the earth.

You Said It, Tom

A YOUNG OFFICIAL of the Norwegian foreign ministry, Arne Treholt, has been arrested for spying for the Soviet Union. Son of a former cabinet minister, and known as an idealist, Treholt was described by an old friend as having little ideology: "His strongest ideology was anti-Americanism, but perhaps it was not any greater than what most people felt coming out of the Vietnam days." Treholt is said to have excused Soviet brutality on the grounds that the Soviets feel threatened at their borders. A *New York Times* report says the episode is widely regarded as casting a disturbing light on the Sixties generation in Europe.

One might go further. There now exists an international community of "progressive" opinion, embracing elements from Moscow to Middle America, that blames all East-West tension on the West; more specifically, on the United States; and now, particularly, on the central figure in liberal-Communist demonology, Ronald Reagan.

Consider Reagan's "evil empire" speech of last year. Reagan used the phrase only once; his enemies have repeated it obsessively. Yet no liberal has directly denied its accuracy. Even so, men like Tom Wicker and Anthony Lewis blame Reagan for the "breakdown of Soviet-American relations."

Indeed, after the President's recent more conciliatory speech was met by a virulent anti-American diatribe from Andrei Gromyko in Stockholm, Wicker blamed Gromyko's factitious rage on *Reagan*, for making a "botch . . . of Soviet-American relations." But Wicker went further: He hinted that the ultimate cause of tension between the two states was on the American side, for "the Russians seldom forget that the U.S. participated in the invasion of Siberia after World War I." The worst he could bring himself to say about the "Soviet leaders" is that they are "suspicious and insecure." Tom Wicker, meet Arne Treholt.

It is no wonder if, in this climate of opinion, some young progressives, strategically situated, feel there is no great harm—or disgrace—in working for the Soviets. Their rhetoric does it anyway. After all, a Soviet commentator, Vladimir Posner, frequently appears on ABC's *Nightline* to give the Soviet "perspective." He doesn't find it necessary to threaten to bury us, or to pound his shoe on the desk. He simply screws his face into a troubled expression, and talks like Tom Wicker.

The Democrats

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"I haven't seen such weirdos run
Since George McG. and Eagleton"?

W. H. VON DREELE

Tania Zelensky: A Victim of Communism

TANIA ZELENSKY, an American citizen of Russian descent, was murdered on October 24, 1983, in front of the service station she and her husband owned in Pittsfield, Vermont. Her assailant, described by friends and neighbors as a gentle, intelligent man, stated that his motive was "patriotism." It seems

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that, in reaction to the death of the American Marines in the truck bombing in Lebanon, William Harvey chose to strike back at the United States' chief enemy, by killing one of its people—a profoundly ironic choice.

Tania Zelensky was born in the United States, of a family with deep and wide anti-Communist roots. From her grandfather, a Russian Imperial Army officer, through relatives who have been imprisoned in Gulag camps or executed by the Soviet state, to her father, who contributes editorially to Voice of America and Radio Liberty, her family has opposed the Soviet regime.

Eugene Zelensky, Tania's father, considers her a casualty of a basic linguistic confusion. American journalists, and those who take their cues from them, fail to distinguish between the Soviet government and the Russian nation, although it is clear that the Russian people have no voice in their government. This may be a subtle attempt to legitimize the Soviet government; if so, in this case it backfired. Anger justly felt toward the Soviet government was expressed against an innocent individual. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn wonders "when Americans will finally realize that it is the Russians who are the very first victims of Communism and that they have already lost tens of millions of lives to its vicious jaws."

Izvestiya's tragicomic response laid the blame for the murder squarely at the feet of American ethnocentrism. In general, America's "claim to uniqueness unfailingly generates disrespect toward other peoples . . ." More specifically, "the declarations of the President and other officials, widely picked up by the American mass media, then [have become] the signal to the spreading throughout the U.S. of the usual anti-Soviet hysteria." The correspondent concludes that the murderer was "enlisted against his own will by Washington's propagandists . . . the present Administration of the United States."

The Zelenskys have suffered much at the hands of Communism; they certainly don't wish Tania's death to serve its ends. But they wonder how to communicate that Communism is the enemy of the Russian people. Solzhenitsyn answers, in a note of condolence to Tania's father, "The hope rests with the kindness of the American people and their support, the likes of which you encountered in the Pittsfield community."

Fisher, *Punch*/Rothco

"I would just like to say, Comrade Chairman, that in my opinion you appear to be taking the correct road to Socialism."

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ To the Editor
Newsweek Magazine

Dear Sir:

In your tribute to Joan Miró (January 2) your writer concludes, "It is fitting that he had such a simple and strong name. Miró—in Spanish, 'I look.' "

Sorry. In Spanish, Miró translates, "He (she, it) looked."

Oh well, *Newsweek* has a new editor.

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
Assistant Instructor in Spanish Emeritus
Yale University

☐ Memo to: Bill
From: Brother James [Pres., Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty]
Re: Your diminishing reputation in the Soviet Union

Here is a cable that you will want to see.

FF048 B-WIRE 11-OCT-83 10:55
E/W—MOSCOW CAMPAIGNS AGAINST WICKED WESTERN CULTURE

LONDON OCTOBER 11—(SPECIAL)—THE CONSERVATIVE DAILY TELEGRAPH TODAY CARRIES THE FOLLOWING ITEM BY NIGEL WADE IN MOSCOW:

MOSCOW'S LATEST CAMPAIGN AGAINST WESTERN CULTURE CONTINUES TO SNOWBALL, AS IN A RECENT MOSCOW RADIO BROADCAST AIMED AT "ALIEN IDEAS IN THE FORM OF SONGS, BOOKS, OR VIDEO CASSETTES."

TWO SOVIET SPECIALISTS ON "BOURGEOIS MASS CULTURE" AND WESTERN CINEMA TOOK PART IN THE PROGRAM.

THEY STRESSED THE COMMUNIST VIEW THAT WEST-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ERN MASS CULTURE "HAS NEVER BEEN THE CULTURE OF THE MASS OF THE PEOPLE," BUT IS MANUFACTURED FOR THEM "TO THE ORDER OF THE DOMINATING CLASS."

THE CONCERN OF THE BROADCAST WAS THAT WESTERN GOVERNMENTS WERE TRYING TO SNEAK THIS "IDEOLOGICALLY HARMFUL CONTRABAND" INTO THE SOVIET UNION TO MAKE RUSSIANS RESTLESS AND DISSATISFIED.

DR. YELENA KARTSEVA, INTRODUCED AS AN EXPERT ON WESTERN FILMMAKING, APPEARED TO HAVE ONLY A VAGUE KNOWLEDGE OF HER SUBJECT.

SHE IDENTIFIED JAMES BOND AS AN AMERICAN AGENT AND SEEMED NOT TO REALIZE THAT WESTERNERS USED VIDEO SETS TO RECORD FROM TELEVISION.

IT WAS "IMPOSSIBLE TO RECORD A VIDEO CASSETTE DIRECT FROM THE SCREEN," SHE SAID, WHICH SHE CLAIMED LEFT THE WESTERN PUBLIC AT THE MERCY OF CAPITALIST MANIPULATORS WHO SOLD THEM ONLY "POLITICAL DEMAGOGY AND ESCAPIST MYTH-MAKING."

SOME OF THE BEST FILMS OF AMERICAN FILMMAKERS, LIKE "THE GRAPES OF WRATH," "THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES," "ON THE BEACH," "IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT," AND MANY OTHERS, DO NOT GO ON SALE, SHE SAID.

"THE VIEWER WHO WOULD LIKE TO SEE A FILM OF THIS KIND IS AGAIN DEPRIVED OF THE OPPORTUNITY TO DO SO."

SOVIET CUSTOMS OFFICIALS HAVE TIGHTENED CHECKS ON THE IMPORT OF WESTERN VIDEO CASSETTES, WHICH ARE HIGHLY PRIZED ON THE SOVIET BLACK MARKET.

CASSETTES ARE OFTEN DUPLICATED IN "UNDERGROUND" SOVIET WORKSHOPS AND SHOWN SECRETLY FOR HIGH ADMISSION PRICES.

WESTERN BOOKS WERE ALSO ATTACKED IN THE BROADCAST, ESPECIALLY THE "POLITICAL NOVEL, WITH ITS BLATANTLY ANTI-SOVIET COLORING."

ONE SPEAKER SAID: "ALL OF THESE BOOKS ARE VERY TENDENTIOUS, VERY MALICIOUS, AND VERY UNJUST."

HE MENTIONED PARTICULARLY THE THRILLERS BY THE RIGHT-WING AMERICAN AUTHOR MR. WILLIAM BUCKLEY, WHOSE BROTHER, JAMES, THE BROADCAST NOTED, RECENTLY BECAME HEAD OF RADIO FREE EUROPE AND RADIO LIBERTY.

THE "ESCAPIST FUNCTION" OF WESTERN MASS CULTURE DISTRACTED PEOPLE FROM THE WEST'S ACUTE SOCIAL PROBLEMS, THE BROADCAST SAID.

"ALL THESE FASHIONS ARE AIMED AT TAKING THE AUDIENCE AWAY FROM THE DIFFICULTIES, THE UNPLEASANTNESS, THE BURDENS OF PRESENT-DAY AMERICAN LIFE."

THE "ENDLESS PROBLEMS" OF LIFE IN AMERICA AND OTHER WESTERN COUNTRIES WERE DRIVING PEOPLE TO THE CINEMA, THE BROADCAST CONTINUED.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In view of the recent act of Soviet paranoia involving the Korean airliner, wouldn't you think it wise to stop sailing around in that imperialist yacht of yours? After all, a navigational mishap or freak storm (Hurricane Yuri?) might wash you up near Gulag Land. As insurance against trigger-happy Reds, should you find yourself in such a situation, why not declare your vessel a nuclear-free zone? But then I suppose you'd have to rechristen her the *Finlandia*.

Yours truly,
Alexander Markowich
West Haven, Conn.

☐ Dear Bill:

Hey Bill, I found it. Honest to God I found it. All these years you've spent, and here it is all wrapped up in one paragraph by Ronald Hingley on page 36 of *The Russian Mind* (Scribner's):

> As a factor illuminating Russian psychology, behavior patterns are derived specifically from a single detail in the life cycle of the muzhik (peasant). This is the swaddling of babies. Constricted and enshrouded during most of his day, when he can move only his eyes and must bottle up emotions of rage and joy, the mummified infant is periodically unwrapped for a delicious romp during which he can briefly kick his legs about and relish a temporary ecstasy or tantrum. Thus is the Russian programmed for life to oscillate between emotional extremes.

See? Now you can quit.

Sincerely,
James C. Neely, MD
San Francisco, Calif.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re: An antonym of the *helen*.

Out of the mist of too many years comes a recollection of this bit of doggerel:

Naomi, thy picture is to me
Just as a cup of bitter tea.
[This line is lost in the fog.]
But this I know full well,
Thy face would sink a thousand ships
And stop the Clocks of Hell.

Source? I haven't the foggiest. It might have been from a column of Goodman Ace in the *Kansas City Journal/Post* (now extinct) or from the *Saturday Evening Post*, sometime around 1920.

Perhaps someone of the pre-Halo/Brimstone Crowd can come up with the whole bit.

Cheers.

Sincerely,
Conn Withers, 1907-?
Liberty, Mo.

Dear Mr. Withers: Can't find it, sorry. On the other hand, spent only five minutes at it. In a hurry. Cordially, **—WFB**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REAGAN'S DOUBLE SHUFFLE

THE SUDDEN exit of William French Smith from the post of Attorney General took Washington totally by surprise. The stated reasons for Attorney General Smith's resignation are accurate enough: Both he and his wife, Jean, have little taste for Washington, the weather here being unfriendly, the socializing stilted, and the power plays uncivil. Also, Smith had felt unnecessarily abused for his tenuous Sinatra connection, his severance purse (upon leaving the private sector to join the government), and his tax-shelter arrangements—none of which were either illegal or sinful, but all of which gave an exercised Washington press corps the opportunity to create some erroneous impressions. The three legislative items that might have kept Smith in Washington—immigration-law reform, criminal-code statutes, and new bankruptcy legislation—are unlikely to reach fruition in '84.

Smith's successor, Ed Meese, will differ from Smith more in form than in substance. Mr. Smith never really took a leading role in the national debate on issues of civil rights and social policy—affirmative action, busing, school prayer, tuition tax credits, abortion—but chose to leave them largely in the hands of subalterns. That will not be the case with Meese. We can expect, therefore, that the debate will be sharpened on quotas, for example, as well as on racial and gender preference. Meese will probably not be able to crystallize these issues into legislative enactments this term, but he will force the intellectual argument on these subjects. "To set the stage for actual legislation, two to four years of intellectual ferment is needed," notes a former top Justice official. "Ed won't be shy about making speeches or appearing on talk shows, insisting that a lot of accepted policies need to be reexamined."

On the talent scale, Mr. Meese is thought to be as brainy as Mr. Smith, perhaps with a more scholarly bent. (He started and directed for a while the Center of Criminal Justice and Management at UC San Diego.)

Senator Joe Biden (D., Del.), not known for circumspection, says that Meese will become the Jim Watt of Justice. Hardly, Joe. Meese speaks in a low voice (unlike Biden), owns up when he thinks he's made a misstep, is sensitive to the separation of powers (as shown by his statement that his confirmation deserves hard congressional scrutiny), and is generally unpretentious. He lacks Jim Watt's confrontational style. The way Meese raised the soup-kitchen issue was ham-handed, it's true—but uncharacteristically so. Anyway, he later qualified his remarks, and the subsequent discussion served as the impetus to a needed review of the hunger claims.

Corridor talk here is that Meese wants a seat on the Supreme Court, and the Attorney Generalship will propel him into it. But Mr. Meese has hardly displayed an affinity for the cloistered environment of the High Court. Anyway, if he really wanted a seat on the Court, why didn't he push for it when Potter Stewart resigned?

With Meese gone from the White House, Chief of Staff Jim Baker will become the undisputed plenipotentiary there. An egregiously pragmatic mainstreamer, Baker will urge the President to move to the center to pick up votes in his re-election bid. This means no controversial initiatives on the legislative front, more irenic rhetoric, and a guiding strategy of stand pat, don't rock the boat.

The principal argument against such a Reagan-as-centrist strategy is this: If Mr. Reagan really wants to leave an enduring public-policy legacy, he will need to produce an intellectual and political (and cultural) change in the way the Executive Branch, Congress, and the people think about entitlement programs, civil rights, and social policy generally. By campaigning boldly on these issues now, and winning big in November, he will then be able to go to Congress in his second term and say, "OK, this is what I want, this is what the people want. Now give it to us." If the President does *not* so campaign, Congress will conclude that he was re-elected on the basis of centrist campaign pap and will oppose his second-term programs.

The argument in favor of posturing Mr. Reagan according to the Baker plan is that it makes better political sense (especially if the goal you have in view is merely that of winning the election on November 6, 1984). A centrist position is a lower-risk strategy, and it will force Mondale to move yet further to the left to separate himself from the President. In a second term, armed with the mandate of a minor landslide, Mr. Reagan will still be able to storm the Hill, and demand his way. Both Congress and the people have short memories, and they will forget the centrist accommodation of the campaign.

Front and Center

Now, the truth of the matter (and today's best kept secret in Washington and elsewhere) is that Mr. Reagan is at least as pragmatic as Mr. Baker—if not more so—and he will indeed opt for the center between now and the election: Reagan the Mainstreamer, the Moderate, the Healer.

What should conservatives, especially the hard Right, think? All is not lost. As Attorney General, Ed Meese will be able to speak out with a freedom denied him when he was on the White House staff, inspiriting the Right and sowing the seeds for Mr. Reagan's later reaping. Since all domestic policies have legal vectors, Mr. Meese will still have continuous lines to the President to help keep him true to his real, orthodox self. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LAND GRAB IN EL SALVADOR

SHORTLY AFTER the Kissinger Commission issued its report on Central America, Representative Jack Kemp (R., N.Y.) put out a statement noting its "significant recommendations." One of these ran as follows:

> [There should be] a renewed effort in the region to protect the property rights of all citizens. While it is recommended that, where appropriate, land-reform programs should be initiated, the commission is firm in its conviction that prior owners should be fully compensated in a manner which enables them to transfer their rightful share of national wealth into new enterprises. Just as firm was the conviction of the commission that new landowners should be provided immediately with a full and transferable property right to their new land.

The "transferable property right" perhaps sounds as if it is a minor detail. (And it is true you won't find any reference to it in Samuelson's famous textbook, any more than you will find "property rights" in the index.) Nevertheless, we are dealing with what may be the most important idea in economics. Countries that do not have transferable property rights do not really have economies at all. They have military command structures that attempt to pervade all areas of life (as in the Soviet Union). Countries that have enjoyed such rights but abolish them inevitably experience economic collapse.

This has happened in El Salvador, as a result of the "land reform" program that was adopted in 1980, at the United States' behest.

The socialist idea continues to have so much appeal for American intellectuals that the U.S. today is a net exporter of socialism. Our domestic political system is sensitive enough to ensure that its incremental victory at home is extremely difficult—a hard-fought battle, with (today) inches won and lost on the fifty-yard line. But leftist programs encounter little such opposition abroad. The "land reform" program in El Salvador, put into place during the Carter Administration, is as pure an instance of exported socialism as it would be possible to find. Unfortunately, the Reagan Administration continues to support it, although President Reagan himself, it is believed, may have been kept in the dark about its most noxious feature.

Phase one of the program consisted of the government seizure of all estates of more than 1,235 acres. Thereupon, "cooperatives" of peasants who had been working on this land were allegedly "given" it. But in fact they have not been given it at all. The title to the land, transferred from the old owners at the moment of seizure, has been retained by the government.

Individual members of the new cooperatives *do not have the right to sell their share of the land to anyone else.* That is, their property right is not real because it is not transferable. People who do not have the right to realize the value of what they own by selling it cannot be said to own it at all. Their status is closer to that of renters. But when property is *privately* owned and rented, the owners can be expected to keep an eye on their property to ensure that it doesn't deteriorate. Governments, on the other hand, are unable to keep an eye on widely dispersed state property because the task is too complex for a centralized authority. Thus, when property is transferred from individual to state hands, an economy collapses. This has happened in the twentieth century in the Soviet Union, in China, Cuba, and Vietnam, and now in El Salvador, under U.S. auspices.

This problem is so poorly understood among conservatives here that last October the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page ran an article on land reform by Roy Prosterman, the chief architect of the Salvadoran program. He is a socialist "development specialist" from the University of Washington. His article made no mention of the fact, or the problem, of nontransferability.

If the Federal Government decreed that you could not sell your house, would you really feel that you owned it? You might also reasonably worry about the further dictatorial powers that such a government might assume tomorrow. And what incentive would you have to keep your house in good repair, so that it would be attractive to a buyer? The housing stock would soon decline following such a decree. In the same way, the Salvadoran economy has declined by 30 per cent since 1979.

Worthless Bonds

CONSIDER briefly the former owners. They have been "paid" with worthless bonds, mere pieces of paper, which do not pay interest and are not redeemable. These people have had everything they worked for seized from them without recompense. They have no stake in the future of their country. "Death squads" should be considered in this light. In some instances the cooperatives have *begged* the government to permit them to transfer the property back to its former owner. The elected assembly should not only comply with this request. It should pay no further attention to American "development" experts who regard El Salvador as a convenient laboratory for their leftist blueprints.

It is scandalous that this country should have promoted such a program abroad, and that so little attention should have been paid to its socialist features. Congressman Kemp deserves our thanks for bringing it to the notice of the commission. He is at present the only U.S. politician of national stature to have grasped its importance. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANNOUNCING THE END OF
MAGAZINE MUSH AND ME-TOOISM

You are joyfully invited to subscribe to a fresh, zesty, alive alternative: Chronicles of Culture. *A decidedly articulate alternative you will* relish!

Our alternative to me-too magazines is *Chronicles of Culture:*

Written for an audience in search of fresh, provocative, mind-jolting, original thought.

Imagine! A publication that begins with that fresh perspective, and then goes about the business of reviewing, criticizing, essaying each month—in little danger of fraternizing with other magazines.

In one fundamental way, we stand considerably removed from the herd.

We are *non-liberal.*

Puncturing the liberal pontification.

When we observe that some popular idea is, at best, constructed of very wet papier-mâché, we state so. Succinctly, but, we hope, with a modicum of style.

We attempt to shout "hogwash," but in a distinguished manner.

What of our style and content? One fragment, excerpted from Leopold Tyrmand's Editor's Comment which launches a recent issue, as he writes about today's liberal culture:

> One consequence of this culture is that a vast segment of the population is forced to work hard to support a class of parasites, many of whom—thanks to economic priorities gone berserk—have turned their lives into a grotesque *Grand Guignol* of drugs and kinky crime and who provide their own troubadours with obscene wealth. It is a culture in which a nurse earns less per year than a cretinous, unwashed rock singer spends on dope per day. For this culture we have nothing but the deepest contempt, and we want to make it known. In the 1930's a German antifascist by the name of Carl von Ossietzky, before he was tortured by the nazis in Dachau, addressed himself to his nation in one of his last warnings: "All I wish is for you to remember, I was against!" So are we, when we face the travesty of humanness and the humiliation of reason in America.

What's going on here?

Remarkably, readers and editors come together in *Chronicles of Culture* to produce a vibrant, fresh approach to non-liberal journalism.

At last, there exists a journal *worth* reading for its originality, its zest, its willingness to examine books, film, music, theater, politics, the press and other institutions—with no concern for Consensus or Conventional Wisdom.

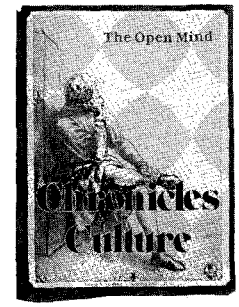
Early Warning System.

In every issue you should find enough critical common sense to save you from the purchase of at least one book or the price of one movie. Imagine! An Early Warning System *every month* on what's worthwhile and what's worthless in theater, film, books, and more!

Is *Chronicles of Culture* for you? We encourage you to find out—at no obligation. Simply forward the Subscription Request and Free Issue coupon. But do it today, so we may send you our freshest issue immediately.

If you haven't seen Chronicles, *it's worth a look because it is such a refreshing change from the normal diet of humanist cellulose.*

—Tom Bethell
The American Spectator



Chronicles of Culture
934 North Main Street
Rockford, Illinois 61103

I wish to judge *Chronicles of Culture* for myself. Enroll me as a potential subscriber and send me your current issue free.

☐ Bill me for $18.00 (12 monthly issues). If I'm not satisfied with my first issue I'll write "cancel" on the invoice and return it unpaid. No further obligation on my part.

☐ Check for $18.00 is enclosed. Please start my subscription now.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

T8338

Chronicles of Culture

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ANTI-U.S. SYNDROME

WHEN I WAS a boy in the South of France, in the 1920s, all the elders and betters I met were enthusiastically pro-American. In class we were told, quite regularly, that the United States was the Number One country in the world. One war later, the French (in a broad sense) turned anti-American.

The great fact of political life in France, immediately after the war, and then in the late 1950s and through most of the 1960s, was Charles de Gaulle. President Roosevelt had persistently snubbed de Gaulle during the war, and de Gaulle didn't like being snubbed. Still, a million French men and women turned out to greet President Eisenhower in the streets of Paris in 1959. (The estimate is General de Gaulle's.)

Was the turnout for the United States, or for Ike, the man who had liberated France? Hard to say, but I suspect mostly the latter.

In terms of hard reality, Eisenhower, as President, had also snubbed de Gaulle, by rejecting the latter's plan for an "Atlantic directorate" of the U.S., Britain, and France, in effect to boss the Alliance. The secrets of nuclear know-how being denied to the French, they decided to go it alone.

In Britain, the issue of anti-Americanism is, I think, a still more recent phenomenon. During the Second World War, the Churchill-Roosevelt partnership forged a "special relationship." Dean Acheson's famous remark about the British having lost an empire and failed to find a role did shock and still, in a muddled way, rankles. However, the Marshall Plan, that extraordinary example of enlightened generosity, was received in Britain with genuine gratitude, whereas it aroused widespread envy in France—or, to be more specific, among French intellectuals.

Then came the Suez affair in 1956, which was an Anglo-French adventure. Although Bulganin and Khrushchev cleverly exploited it, and diverted attention from their massacres in Hungary by brandishing their intercontinental rockets, the fact is that it was Eisenhower and Dulles who broke Anthony Eden's nerve by threatening to deny Britain financing for alternative sources of oil. It was this episode that sparked a wave of anti-Americanism in the right wing of the Conservative Party, which still endures.

I have left the most important factor to the end, though. Throughout the period of Stalin's most monstrous crimes, European (including British) intellectuals were astonishingly unwilling to accept any evidence that might tarnish their vision of the Soviet Union as the workers' paradise and the wave of the future.

The age of the fellow-travelers did not end overnight, even after the traumatic shock of Khrushchev's "secret speech" in February 1956 and his denunciation of a careful selection of the dead dictator's crimes. Today, however, it has become rare for intellectuals, even French ones, to continue to pretend that all is well in the USSR. Disillusionment has set in, as typified, perhaps, by the powerful writer Jean-François Revel, one of a number who saw the light and turned away not only from Communism but even from socialism.

Now the point is this. Frustrated by the loss of their Utopia, the intellectual Left settles for the next best thing: It attacks America, perceived still as the main citadel of capitalism.

The great period of anti-American euphoria was the Vietnam War. Chile, Argentina, and South Africa were unsatisfactory hate-substitutes. When the Soviets invaded Afghanistan, even "Eurocommunists" felt they had to join the chorus of disapproval. Poland and Solidarity presented the Left with an insoluble moral quandary. During the Carter Presidency, willy-nilly, the European Left was quite often aligned on the American side.

Then came Reagan, a stronger foreign and defense policy, a "cowboy" image. El Salvador, especially, gave a spurious moral sanction to equivalence: It became respectable to equate the Americans' behavior there with the Soviets' in Afghanistan.

Bad Show

GRENADA, however, was worse; or better, depending on the point of view. I confess I read the speeches in House of Commons debates at the end of October with a sense of shame. The new intake of Labour MPs didn't trouble to hide their relish at the opportunity for anti-American utterances. Denis Healey was in rumbustious form, and the government (in the persons of Margaret Thatcher and her new Foreign Secretary, Sir Geoffrey Howe), deeply embarrassed.

There were those who condemned the American action for old-fashioned leftist reasons; those who did so because of nostalgic envy ("We were much better at this kind of thing, old boy"); and those Conservatives who demonstrated, not for the first time, what "wetness" means.

For my part, I find all of this more than faintly nauseating. However, the anti-American syndrome is dangerous as well as stupid. The U.S. is the cornerstone of the Alliance, and as such the guarantor of the freedom of leftist politicians and writers to spout inanities.

The danger, moreover, is twofold. One senses a corresponding anti-European mood in America. Isolationism and "fortress America" cast their shadows. The gerontocracy in the Kremlin must love it all. After all, there is not much else to be happy about in Moscow, with the system under strain and the empire in danger of cracking up. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

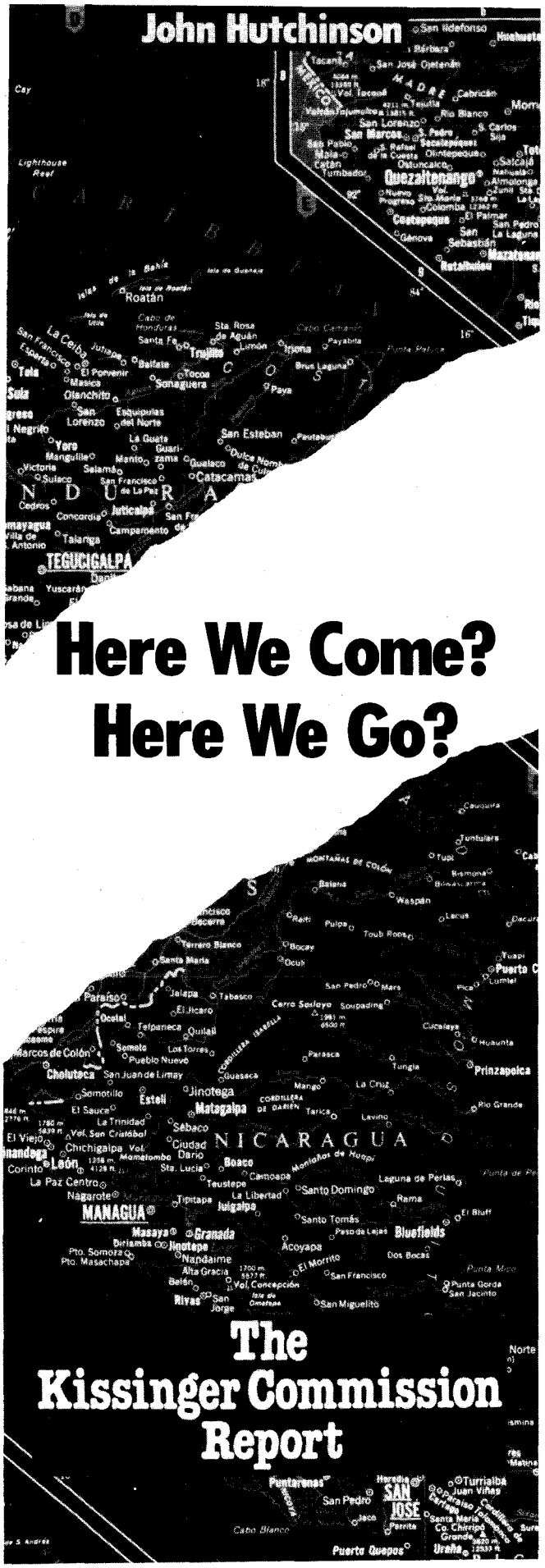
VOTE FOR US!

☐ Cast a vote for a real winner in this election year—give a friend a subscription to *National Review* at our special introductory rate! There couldn't possibly be a better time than now to do it—right smack in the middle of the most crucial election year of our lifetime.

And you save $7.55 off the newsstand price if you give *National Review* right now. Most important of all, *any* friend of yours will enjoy NR's unique coverage of the news (certainly no other publication does a better job of reporting not only the hot news but also what it all *means*). As you well know, NR is at its very *best* when the political news is hot: we give you the kind of inside stuff you can't find elsewhere (not to mention a unique *viewpoint*).

So flatter that friend, student or (liberal?) associate of yours who *should* be reading NR now—send them our special election-year gift subscription (or order one for *yourself* if you don't get it regularly). Remember, you save $7.55 off the single-copy rate by getting the next 15 issues of *National Review* for only $14.95. Use the card opposite this page today! Many thanks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Sandinistas shot the seven Christian guerrillas, said the old man from Nicaragua, and towed them by the feet through our village. Then they propped the bodies against the wall of our church during Mass, shouted obscenities through the doorway, and bayoneted the dead through the eyes or cut out their tongues.

WE MUST be grateful for surprising unanimities. The most general expectation of the Bipartisan Commission on Central America, when it was set up last July, was that it would unite on massive economic aid for the region but on little else. The members of the commission were known mainly for their party affiliations, rather than for their wisdom about the region. Henry Kissinger publicly congratulated the President of the United States on appointing as chairman of the commission the only man in the United States who knew nothing about Central America, and in the early days expressed private doubt that the commission had the cohesion or the competence to arrive at any recommendation useful to anybody. A common assumption was that the Republicans on the commission would cry havoc on migrant millions at the border, that the Democrats would plead for faith in Marxist constitutionalism, and that Kissinger might be driven to file a lonely cogency on the national security.

The commission reported on January 11. As a member of the commission's staff expressed it to me the next day, we should all offer thanks to our local deities that the commission had come together on the safety of the Republic. That was contribution enough.

It was not, on the commission's part, a careless gallop into belligerence. "We ardently wish," the commission said, "that there were no need for a security chapter in a report on Central America. But there is." The security section of the commission's report in fact takes up less than a fifth of its pages, and the evident ardor of its concern is not matched, in the main ring, by the captaincy of its recommendations; but it is concerned.

Central America, the commission says, is faced with a new kind of war: an externally supported Marxist-Leninist insurgency. Internal grievances are many and legitimate, but there would be no danger of a Communist Central America if the insurgents had not been trained and fed and supplied and even led by the Soviet Union and Cuba and, in recent times, Nicaragua.

With such support, the insurgency has developed a momentum of its own, independent of the grievances on which it originally fed. The lodgment in the region is monstrous and menacing. The southern approaches of the United States are no longer safe. The Soviet Union already has a greater ability to interdict American shipping than the Nazis ever had. It would be a "major strategic coup" if the Russians could force the United States to strip its forces in Western Europe in order to defend its western sea lanes and to militarize its border with Mexico. The security of the United States is at risk in Central America.

Nicaragua is a recent and enormous complication, serving, in the commission's words,

---

Mr. Hutchinson is a professor of industrial relations at the Graduate School of Management at UCLA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as a base for subversion, through overland infiltration of people and supplies, that can affect the entire region, Panama included. . . . Additional Marxist-Leninist regimes in Central America could be expected to expand their armed forces, bring in large numbers of Cuban and other Soviet-bloc advisors, develop sophisticated agencies of internal repression and external subversion . . . produce refugees, perhaps millions of them. . . . The United States cannot isolate itself from the regional turmoil. The crisis is on our doorstep.

"The hemisphere," the commission concludes, "is challenged both economically and politically. . . . The commanding issue in all of Latin America is the impoverishment of its people. . . . The political challenge in the hemisphere centers on the legitimacy of government." There is a need for "authentic indigenous changes" and even revolutions.

But the changes must be internally inspired.

The United States can have no quarrel with democratic decisions, so long as they are not the result of foreign pressure and external machinations. . . . The Soviet-Cuban thrust to make Central America part of their geostrategic challenge is what has turned the struggle in Central America into a security and political problem for the United States and for the hemisphere.

Thus the unified judgment of the commission, the offering of a triple imperative for Central America: democratic self-determination, equitable economic and social development, and regional cooperation for joint security. Not very surprisingly, the commission is united most of all on distributive largesse.

COMMISSION MEMBERS

HENRY A. KISSINGER, *Chairman*
NICHOLAS F. BRADY
Former Republican Senator, New Jersey
HENRY G. CISNEROS
Democratic Mayor, San Antonio, Texas
WILLIAM P. CLEMENTS JR.
Former Republican Governor, Texas
CARLOS F. DIAZ-ALEJANDRO
Professor of Economics, Yale University
WILSON S. JOHNSON
President, National Federation of Independent Business
LANE KIRKLAND
President, AFL-CIO
RICHARD M. SCAMMON
Political Scientist; Former Member, U.S. Delegation to UN General Assembly
JOHN SILBER
President, Boston University
POTTER STEWART
Retired Associate Supreme Court Justice
ROBERT S. STRAUSS
Former Chairman, Democratic National Committee
WILLIAM B. WALSH
Founder and President, Project Hope

It is the spying, said the old man, the spying, the spying, the spying. You have to spy regularly in shifts on your neighbors in the block or you don't eat. The Sandinistas control the ration cards. But if you spy extra hard you get privileges. I spied for thirty days in a row till two in the morning and got a permit to visit my sister in Guatemala. Guatemala? Compared to Nicaragua it is Paradise.

THE COMMISSION recommends an emergency stabilization program for the short term, and, for the long term, a regional organization to measure need and progress and to distribute aid. Central American leaders should meet to develop a common approach to their economic problems. The United States should encourage duty-free trade and lower tariffs for Central America, offer scholarships to many thousands of the young, encourage free trade unions, provide venture capital for private companies, encourage land reform with valid titles and effective compensation, and improve the health of the people. The principal instrument would be a Central American Development Organization (CADO). The estimated cost to the United States over a period of five years would be some $8 billion. The news has not been well received on Capitol Hill.

On military matters there is less than unity. The commission recognizes that El Salvador is on the brink, and that it must be helped soon and decisively. "The worst possible policy," it says, ". . . is to provide just enough aid to keep the war going, but too little to wage it successfully. . . . Present levels of U.S. military assistance are inadequate." But there is "the tendency in some quarters of the Salvadoran military toward brutality." El Salvador must succeed on both the military and human-rights fronts

or it will not succeed on either. . . . Military aid should, through legislation requiring periodic reports, be made contingent upon demonstrated progress toward free elections; freedom of association; the establishment of the rule of law and an effective judicial system; and the termination of the activities of the so-called death squads. . . . These conditions should be seriously enforced.

Kissinger and two other commissioners enter a codicil here. They endorse the "conditionality" clause and express the hope that both political and military interests can be served simultaneously. But they express "the strong view that neither the Congress nor the Executive Branch interpret conditionality in a manner that leads to a Marxist-Leninist victory in El Salvador, thereby damaging vital American interests and risking a larger war."

However, the commission does reject power-sharing with the Salvadoran rebels "as not a sensible or fair solution. . . . They have relatively little popular support in El Salvador. . . . Precedent argues that it would be only a prelude to a takeover by the insurgent forces." The elections planned for March 25 should be kept "as safe and open as possible," and the rebels should be asked to participate under international supervision.

The insurgency in Guatemala is reported to be at a much lower level than in El Salvador; a greater obstacle to Guatemalan security, the commission states, is "the brutal behavior of the security forces. In the cities they have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

murdered those even suspected of dissent. In the countryside, they have at times killed indiscriminately. . . . Military aid and military sales should be authorized if Guatemala meets the human-rights conditions described" elsewhere in the report. These charges are undocumented, and greatly resented in Guatemala.

In Honduras, the commission found "a deep anxiety over the extraordinary military build-up in Nicaragua. . . . In the absence of a regional political settlement, Honduras will feel compelled to strengthen and modernize its armed forces." Costa Rica, with only a police force to defend it, is "a democracy threatened by Central America's turbulent political currents." The commission recommends, specifically in the case of Costa Rica but clearly with other states in mind, the amendment of Section 660 of the Foreign Assistance Act to permit, "under carefully defined conditions," the providing of aid to law-enforcement agencies in Central America.

On Nicaragua there is a conspicuous abstention. For some time the United States has been giving covert but well-reported aid to the anti-Sandinista FDN group operating in northern and central Nicaragua. The commission endorses the pacification efforts of the Contadora group of states but argues against "dismantling the existing incentives and pressures on the Managua regime except in conjunction with demonstrable progress on the negotiating front." The commission declines to comment on the "highly controversial question" of aiding the FDN and other liberation organizations, saying that would require "treatment of sensitive information not appropriate to a public report. . . . The commission has not . . . attempted to come to a collective judgment on whether, or how, the United States should provide support for these insurgent forces."

Judging by the early comments, the commission's stand on security is welcome in Central America. However, its advocacy of handsome economic aid already has its Central American critics dubious of the region's ability to absorb such monetary injections without unacceptable acceleration in bureaucracy, inflation, and corruption. The commission's insistence on linking aid to an accreditation process on human rights is offensive to all Central American states, and its pharisaical stand on arms for Nicaraguan liberation could lose the battle for the region.

The young FDN soldier was wounded and left for dead in the raid on Matagalpa. He was sheltered and nursed by campesinos *until he was well enough to leave. With his leg still bleeding, he walked for 25 days to rejoin his comrades near the border. "Those peasants took a risk in helping me," he said. "Now I know we will win the war."*

THERE IS great misgiving in Central America, as I have learned during three recent visits—the last following the publication of the Kissinger Report.

The misgiving concerns the indecision of the United States, our perceived unreliability in great stewardship. There is a wide conviction that the Soviet Union has decided to put the United States to mortal test on its own doorstep; that after Vietnam the United States is incapable of the resolution to protect even its own sovereign borders; that the Congress of the United States, in denying swift and sufficient survival aid to Central America, has become the chief security risk of the hemisphere; that in pursuit of a re-election vital to the hemisphere's security the President of the United States might be tempted to postpone the rescue of Central America until after November 1984; that the cost of electoral victory might be a Soviet Central America.

So much is hardly new, although surely overdue for dissection after Grenada. What is startling to find—among intellectuals and workers, politicians and administrators, and military men both active and retired, not all of them enthusiastic about their own regimes—is the breadth and passion of the conviction that if Nicaragua stays Marxist, Central America is lost; that if within the next few months President Reagan does not risk the affections of the white-liberal and the black and Hispanic communities, the Sandinistas will consolidate beyond negotiable amelioration; that the dominoes will then start falling to the north; that Mexico—weakened by poverty and corruption and the systematic infiltration of the public services by the revolutionary Left, but also by the clear evidence that the United States is no longer the chief factor in the region—will fall fastest of all; and that then—across an effectively abandoned U.S.-Mexican border—one of the most revolutionary migrations in history will begin.

Mine Detector

The misgiving has recent roots, not least among Nicaraguans. On January 15 I met in Honduras with Adolfo Calero, the head of the FDN and a former prisoner of Somoza's. He told me of a bitterness among Nicaraguans about Jimmy Carter's role in the enforced departure of Somoza.

"You should have done what you set out to do," Calero said, "but you drifted. You told Somoza to go, but

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you allowed him to hang on. The war intensified. The role of the moderate opposition was destroyed. The National Guard, whose moderate elements could have helped to constitutionalize Nicaragua, disintegrated. So the Sandinistas took over—with the help, of course, of Panama, Costa Rica, Venezuela, Cuba, and the OAS as well as the United States."

El Salvador also bears the Carter mark. On January 16 I met with Dr. Armando de la Torre, an American of Cuban descent, now director of social sciences at Francisco Marroquín University in Guatemala City. "The United States is losing its natural allies in Central America," he said, "and earning the contempt of its enemies.

"El Salvador is a case in point. President Carter ordained the dismantling of the major farms for redistribution among the workers; he also compelled the nationalization of banking and insurance and foreign trade. The land reform was brutally undertaken with tanks, so far without compensation, and the agricultural foreign earnings of El Salvador have declined catastrophically. The licensing power introduced by nationalization has sent corruption through the roof.

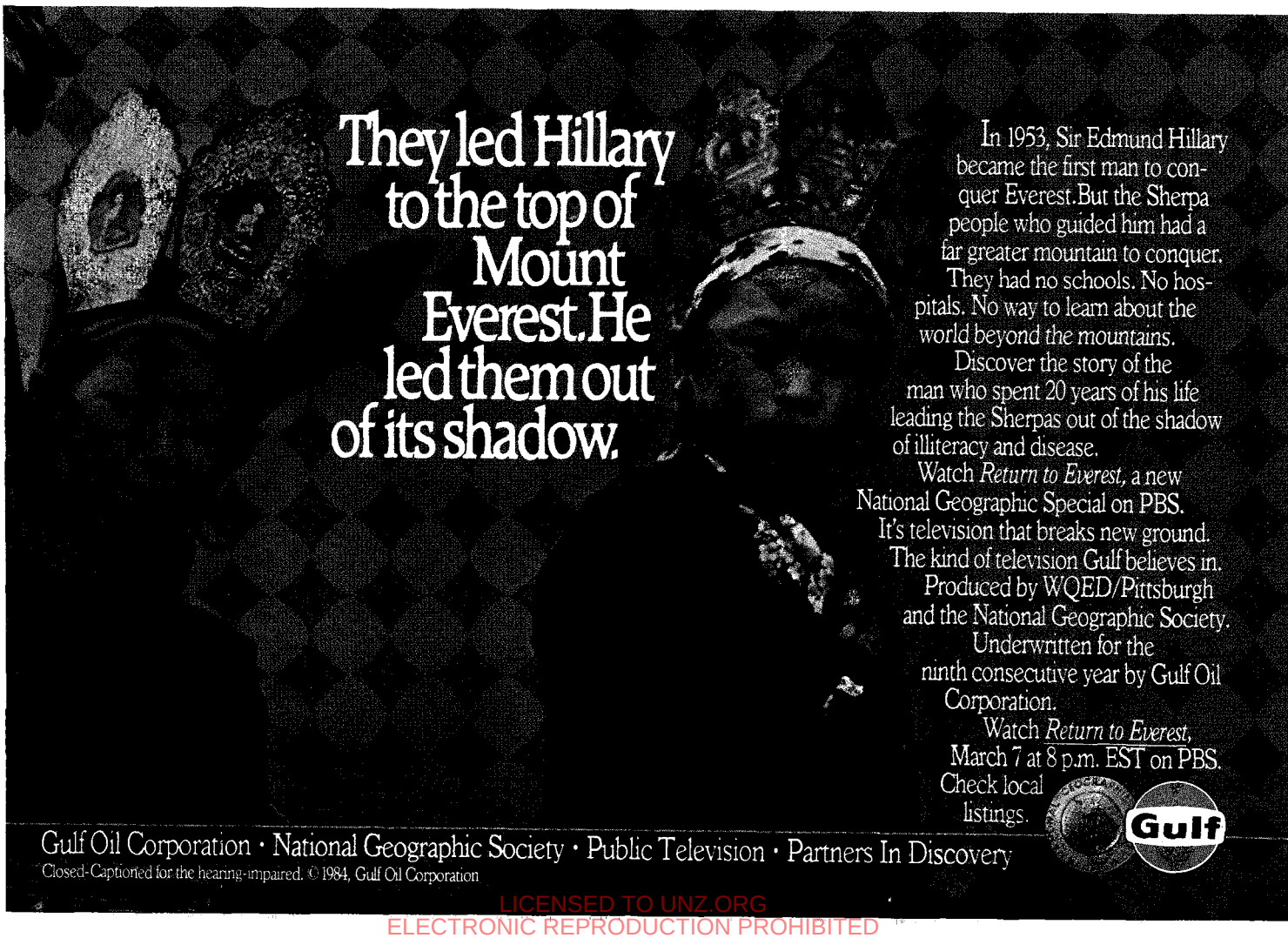
"The Guatemalans have not forgotten what they regard as the Carter rape of El Salvador. They conclude that the United States is not to be trusted. The tragedy is that this perception is shared by the Left, which is thereby inspired to keep up the pressure. It is a vicious circle. The Carter Administration has been the revolutionaries' greatest resource."

The question here is the propriety of standards and the courtesy of their communication. The principle advanced by the commission is that the recipient nations in Central America should certify to Congress that street violence and undue process and unfair elections have diminished and

It has not escaped attention in Central America that the U.S. might be less than appropriately qualified to criticize lawlessness in other societies

will continue to diminish. It might have escaped the public attention in the United States—as it has not in Central America—that we might be less than appropriately qualified to criticize lawlessness in other societies.

Central America is at war or close to a state of siege; the United States is not. El Salvador is fighting for its life and is entitled to emergency standards and sustenance; the United States is not. The wartime indifference of Major Roberto d'Aubuisson to the ghastly death-squad toll in El Salvador has its equally unacceptable but less comprehensible counterpart in the peacetime American liberal pride in a criminal law that does better by the murderer than the victim. Even today the streets of Guatemala City and Tegucigalpa—if hardly those of San Salvador—are vastly safer than the inner cities of the United States. In particular, the criticism of random slaughter in Central America comes with minuscule grace from congressmen representing some of the most crime-ridden cities in urban civilization, →


They led Hillary to the top of Mount Everest. He led them out of its shadow.
In 1953, Sir Edmund Hillary became the first man to conquer Everest. But the Sherpa people who guided him had a far greater mountain to conquer. They had no schools. No hospitals. No way to learn about the world beyond the mountains.
Discover the story of the man who spent 20 years of his life leading the Sherpas out of the shadow of illiteracy and disease.
Watch Return to Everest, a new National Geographic Special on PBS.
It's television that breaks new ground. The kind of television Gulf believes in.
Produced by WQED/Pittsburgh and the National Geographic Society.
Underwritten for the ninth consecutive year by Gulf Oil Corporation.
Watch Return to Everest, March 7 at 8 p.m. EST on PBS. Check local listings.
Gulf
Gulf Oil Corporation · National Geographic Society · Public Television · Partners In Discovery
Closed-Captioned for the hearing-impaired. © 1984, Gulf Oil Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a very important corner.

1983 was a very good year.

A year in which our vision of a transformed Ford Motor Company became a reality.

In 1983 we introduced five new cars that, in the words of Car and Driver magazine, "simply change the rules in the domestic car business," with their styling, their performance, and their quality.

These cars are the Mercury Topaz, the Thunderbird Turbo Coupe, the Ford Tempo, the Continental Mark VII LSC, and the Mustang SVO. You can see these 1984 model cars right now, at your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealer.

1983 was a quality year. An annual survey showed that Ford is making the highest quality cars and trucks of any major U.S. manufacturer. For the third year in a row. The latest survey of 1983 models, in fact, shows that Ford's quality is in the league with such fine imports as BMW, Volvo and Nissan/Datsun.*

1983 was a successful year. We make the best-selling car in the world: the Ford Escort. And we make the best-selling line of trucks in the country. We're #1 in full-sized pickups, full-sized utilities, 4 x 4's, and vans.**

Even off the road, Ford is a success. We make a tractor that is helping to solve the world's problems of food production. And we build the most advanced system of commercial communications satellites anywhere in the universe.

For all these reasons, we at Ford wanted to look back at the past year and examine it for what it was.

A very important turning point in our history.

*Based on a survey of owner-reported problems during the first 3 months of ownership of 1981, 1982, and 1983 vehicles.
**Ford Escort. Based on reported worldwide sales and export data for 1982. Ford trucks. Based on R.L. Polk & Co. CY registrations through Sept. 1983.

Ford

Quality is Job 1.

FORD • LINCOLN • MERCURY • FORD TRUCKS • FORD TRACTORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

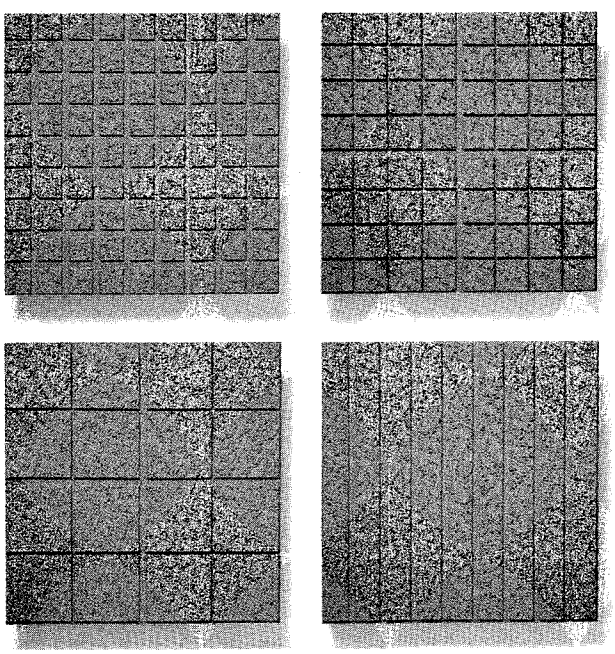
Armstrong redefines ceilings in geometric fo

New Suprafine™ Acoustical Ceilings

Armstrong introduces a remarkably high-style acoustical lay-in ceiling with exceptional design impact.

The tilelike appearance of Suprafine is created by a unique configuration of small-scale geometrics. The result is a sleek, sophisticated look, successfully disguising the ceiling's suspension system. That's because each Suprafine panel is precisely scored to incorporate its new narrow 9/16″ grid.

But there's more to this ceiling than meets the eye. Suprafine provides fine acoustical control. Plus, 2′×2′ tegular lay-in panels offer easy accessibility and low installation cost.



Available in three colors and five patterns (as shown in the interior and the four insets), Suprafine can help define the look of any space you design with a quality you get only from Armstrong.

For details on Suprafine acoustical ceilings, write Armstrong, Dept. 42NNR, Box 3001, Lancaster, PA 17604.

FROM THE INDOOR WORLD® OF

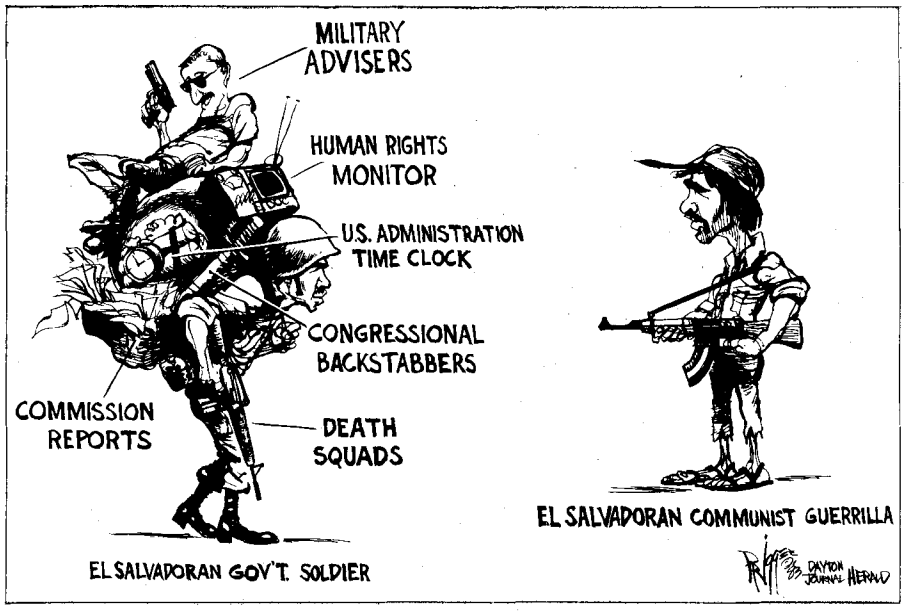
Armstrong

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

if that is the noun. Above all, the citizens of Central America resent those who, like Representative Ronald Dellums of Oakland, California, not only dwell in precarious places but give aid and counsel to Marxist leaders in the Caribbean. The liberal Left in the United States comes with well-soiled robes to the indictment of Central America.

The essential principle of conditionality is understandable; the United States is under no obligation to finance political autocracy or administrative corruption or economic incompetence, and has a duty to attack the culture of street murder in Central America. The danger is that through the imposition of unrealistic standards in the short run the cause will be lost in the long. But neither the principle nor the cause need be lost through offensive posture or procedure.



After meeting with Henry Kissinger in September, I sent him a note suggesting, among other things, that the level of apprehension in Central America is now so high that the three governments most directly concerned—El Salvador, Guatemala, and Honduras—are more than ready to seek concerted salvation. The program and the pace should be negotiated with some sensitivity, with due regard for sovereignty and bad habits, or at least old ones. They should not be prescribed from the pulpit. We should be content with steady progress at the margin. A modesty of expectations is the watchword.

The necessity is to preserve the non-Communist, the constitutional option in Central America. Our efforts will all be a waste of time if by tardiness or haughtiness or parsimony we deprive the Central Americans of the ability to keep open the door to the higher forms of civil life. Constitutional government in full flower is not early on the agenda in Central America, but there is an unprecedented awareness and movement in that direction, not to speak of need.

The Central American Development Organization proposed by the Kissinger Commission makes certified virtue a condition of aid—a process every Central American country will bridle at. The goal should rather be to have Central America bear voluntary witness, through an institution of its own creation, to the value and durability of its constitutional achievements. The gains would be at least threefold: There would be a strengthening of indigenous constituency; there would be fewer grounds for congressional criticisms and restrictions; and there would be an institution and a program whereby to justify constitutional demands upon the Sandinistas.

On January 16 I met in Guatemala City with Foreign Minister Fernando Andrade and suggested to him a regional initiative to form a Judicial Council of Central America to act as an official clearinghouse for constitutional advance in Central America.

"Permanent peace," the foreign minister said, "can be achieved here only when democratic institutions are permanently installed. We are not interested in a truce, or in face-saving formulas, only to have the war start all over again in a few years. The greatest service the Reagan Administration could perform in this region would be to treat us as equal and serious partners in the development of a pluralist society in Central America. We need respect for human rights, and free elections, throughout the region. It would be natural, of course, for the United States and Central America to expect Nicaragua to make the same commitments as we did."

One hopes that Guatemala might now take the first step in proposing an organization that will lay the foundations for constitutional government throughout Central America, perhaps with a meeting of the region's chief justices to give early consideration to the merits and procedures. One prays that the United States will greet such an initiative with the fervor and deed necessary to marry the constitutionalization of Central America with the security of the United States, by means suitable to the dignity and self-respect of sovereign friends.

We met the Miskito Indian leader in the refugee camp by the Nicaraguan border.

"They came and took our young men," he said.

"Who did?"

"The Sandinistas. We never saw the young men again. They also violated our young women and beat up our old people."

"Who did?"

"The Sandinistas."

"Who would you prefer: the Sandinistas or Somoza?"

"Oh, Somoza."

SOMOZA IS DEAD and has no resurrectors. Now the Sandinista regime is joining the legion of the dead in fast increasing numbers of Nicaraguan minds. The question is the nature of the next Nicaragua.

Professor Díaz-Alejandro of the commission has suggested we should stop all aid to the anti-Sandinista forces to see if the Marxist Sandinistas will agree to a free society. This proposal defies the ordinary mind and expe-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEALTHSTYLES™

You're looking at the professionals.

Modular carpets from Milliken HealthStyles,™ created to perform superbly in every health care environment.

Look at appearance. HealthStyles modular carpets are the obvious choice for quiet luxury, in a healthy selection of designs and colors to enhance institutional ambiance.

Look at bacteria resistance. HealthStyles is the only bonded modular carpeting with Sylgard,™ the preferred, permanent, antimicrobial treatment.

Look at safety. Hospital studies show up to 17% fewer fall-related injuries in carpeted rooms.

Look at economy. LifeCycles™ costing shows HealthStyles modular carpet actually costs far less than other floorcoverings.

Take a closer look. Call (1-800) 241-2327 and ask for our free brochure on HealthStyles textiles. It will give you all the facts you need to know about the health care professionals from Milliken.

MILLIKEN

A total textile resource for the health care industry.

ANTIBOM XL

*Sylgard is a trademark of the Dow Corning Corporation.

FROM MILLIKEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rience. No Marxist regime has ever voluntarily relaxed its hold on the state or put its fate to an electoral test; the Sandinistas have made it clear that they will not set a precedent. They will concede what they are forced to concede.

"The commitment the United States must make above all," said Adolfo Calero on January 15, "is that the Sandinistas must reform, or go."

It is evident that the FDN, like the ARDE in the south and the Misura in the east, has been treated by the United States as an irritant to the Sandinistas rather than as an alternative to them. The congressional restraint on aid to the insurgents shows clearly in the meager military equipment and the primitive, though devoted, medical care of the wounded in the mountain camps of the FDN. Congress insists that U.S. aid be confined to the means necessary to interdict Sandinista supplies to the Salvadoran rebels; the restriction is irrelevant to the proper purpose of the insurgents, which is to coerce the Sandinistas into a constitutional bargain or into exile.

Nicaragua is the key to peace and freedom in the region, to the preservation of the constitutional option all the way to the northern Mexican border

If the Kissinger Commission is to be heeded on its strategic admonitions, if Congress is to be serious and practical in defending the perimeters of American security, there are at least two prerequisites: the unification of the Nicaraguan rebels around a constitutional platform and a realistic military strategy; and the arming of the rebels on a sufficient scale to make them either decisive bargainers or sovereign alternatives.

For Nicaragua—in what seems to be the central conviction among the non-Marxists in Central America—is the key. It is the key to peace and freedom in the region, to the preservation of the constitutional option all the way to the northern Mexican border, to the security of the United States to the south.

It might also be the key to very much more. The deep conviction in much of Central America is that the dominoes are now likely to fall, and that the consequence will be the flooding of the United States by immigrants on a scale and of a bent of culture and mind sufficient to terminate the Republic in the Pacific Southwest, in fact if not in law, in behavior if not in formal allegiance, in time if not tomorrow. The population of Central America and Mexico will double to some 200 million in thirty years. About 15 per cent of the population of South Vietnam tried to flee their country by dangerous sea. What will be the exodus, by easy land and abandoned border, away from a Soviet Central America? What nation will we bequeath to our children's children?

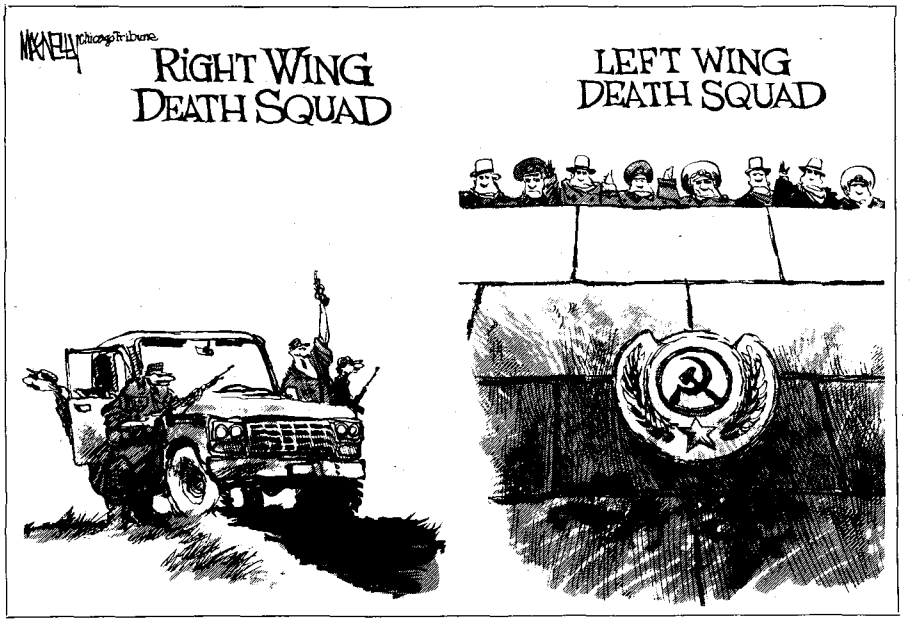
There is a competing conviction in the United States that Mexico will in the event be a more complex case, that a collapse to the revolutionary Left in Central America would produce a Mexican convulsion and perhaps a civil war, but that the United States will invade Mexico before allowing a Marxist state on our southern reach. Now comes the lively speculation in Washington that, with the entry of Castroites into the government of Belize, Cuba will use Belize to take out the nearby Mexican oilfields, thereby precipitating the Great Mexican Collapse.

It is a subject that sets the classroom alight nowadays in the universities, at least in the Pacific Southwest. It is a matter of brooding if inarticulated public concern among Republicans. It is also a conviction of surprising distribution among Democrats of the less propitiatory kind, even among the Mondale troops and tents, especially among trade unionists of the George Meany generation.

"You must be quite clear," an AFL-CIO leader told me on January 22, "about the corollary to a Central American collapse and a Mexican imbroglio. The Soviet Union has been trying since 1945 to get us out of Western Europe. There is no way we can defend both Western Europe and Mexico. Military action in Mexico means taking our troops out of the NATO alliance. If the Soviet Union can force us into military action in Mexico it will have won. Then only Saudi Arabia will stand between the Russians and world domination."

Central America is a place to defend the world.

The FDN camp was on a river near the border. Several hundred men and women were training for the raid on Ocotal. When they were not bearing arms they sat for hours in seminars, talking about freedom and the new Nicaragua. When we left the camp in the evening the sergeants were standing with their backs to the river and the sun, leading the discussions. The soldiers sat in semicircles around them all along the river bank, listening and talking, with their faces to the light. □



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ABROAD

DAR ES SALAAM *Bad Luck*

Of all the socialist experiments in the new Africa, Tanzania under President Julius Nyerere seemed the purest and the strongest and exuded the most credibility. Today, the country's economy is in grave difficulty; its industrial ambitions have largely failed; and its people are returning to a subsistence way of life. Tanzania's sources of credit have dried up as the prices of its export crops—cotton, sisal, peanuts, and coffee—fall on the international market. Its negotiations for loans from the International Monetary Fund have reached the classic impasse with the government's refusal to accept IMF reforms, and have remained there for the last four years. There is not enough energy generated to keep Tanzanian industry turning over; the country's three cement plants, for example, are operating at only one-third capacity. Even Tanzania's showpiece, the Chinese-built railroad to Zambia, which was supposed to open up the African hinterland to development, is still not breaking even. The figures reflect these conditions. The domestic national product fell by 3.2 per cent in 1982. Agricultural production, the backbone of the economy, decreased by more than 8 per cent. Industrial output was down by 25.4 per cent. The annual inflation rate has reached 30 per cent. None of this has seriously damaged Mr. Nyerere's position of leadership, however. Tanzanian officials routinely speak of "bad luck" and "economic sabotage." Meanwhile, there has developed in these circumstances a parallel economy centered on barter for bare necessities, which makes such conceptions as inflation and devaluation academic.

HONG KONG *Watch and Wait*

Ever since negotiations opened between China and Britain about what happens when its lease is up in 1997, the Crown Colony of Hong Kong has become the most anxiety-laden piece of high-risk property in the world. The talks themselves, convening fitfully in Peking, go up and down and backward and forward without foreshadowing as yet any future status for the territory that is not based on outright reversion to the People's Republic. The British acknowledge the legality of this, but are aiming for the retention of a British "presence" in the form of an administrative role of some kind, at least transitionally. Naturally doubts and fears about its fate strongly influence Hong Kong's already volatile economy, heretofore a legendary source of profit. So far, the prediction of a high growth rate for the colony of up to 6.5 per cent for the current year is still respected, although there is a worrying lack of reinvestment in the manufacturing sector. At the same time, export growth is also continuing, especially in the form of shipments of electronic goods to Europe and the United States, and the banks are saying there will be a bottleneck in the trade next year if Hong Kong's manufacturing capacity is not immediately expanded. The bounce and verve that have characterized Hong Kong's idiosyncratic economy over the years may in fact continue up to the very edge of decision, and even beyond, according to experienced observers here. For the city's historic role as doorway, counting house, bazaar, and treasury may one day prove as useful to the People's Republic as it has been to the rest of the world.

SHIPTON-UNDER-WYCHWOOD *Fish Stories*

Do fish feel pain when they are hooked and dragged out of the water? This is a question that has been solemnly debated by British animal-protection groups for three years now in an attempt to decide whether fishing should be added to fox hunting and rabbit shooting as a cruel sport. The answers arrived at so far: possibly, probably, and certainly not. The question was raised because an extreme anti-sports outfit called the Hunt Saboteurs Association threatened to throw stones into streams and lakes where anglers cast their lines and to post false notices on river banks warning of disease. More traditional organizations such as the League against Cruel Sports and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are either holding off or have decided not to include sport fishing in their list of proscriptions. This has become a national issue because there are four million anglers in Britain. The inquiry has turned mainly on the pain-feeling capacities of fish. Professor Geoffrey Burnstock, director of the neurosciences center at University College, London, gave a typical judgment: "This question borders on semantics, philosophy, even religion," he said. "A fish has a primitive brain, which may be missing areas of consciousness and things that go with it—free will or emotion, for example. . . . You cannot ask a fish if it feels pain. I think the question is impossible to answer."

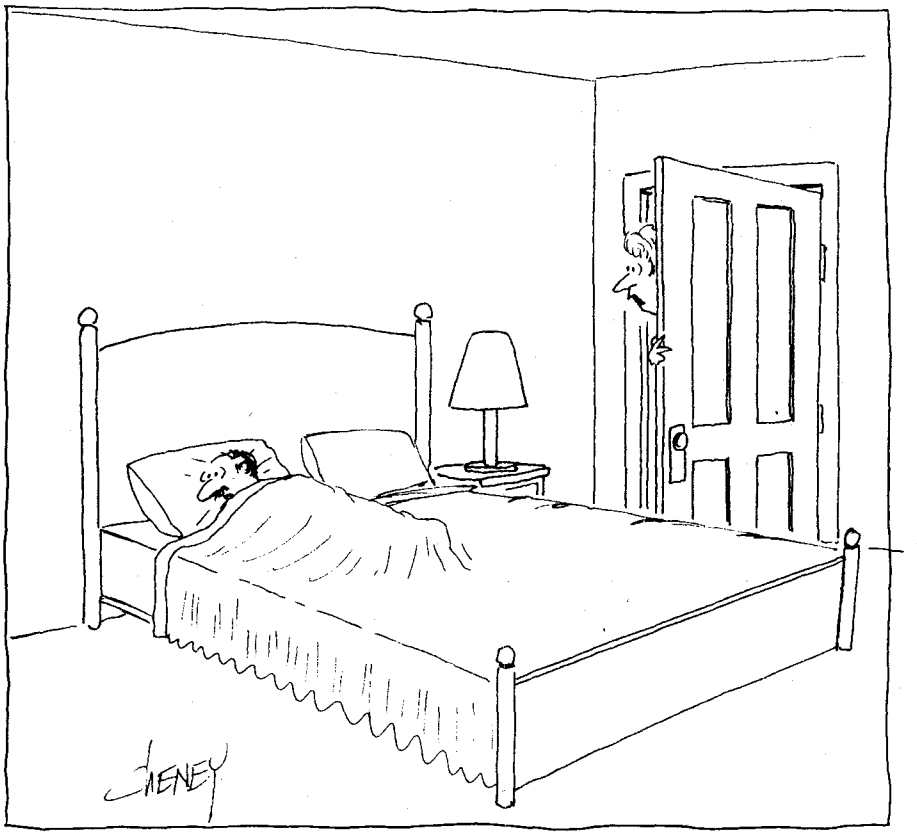
LONDON *Merry Meeting*

Nell Gwynn, the orange seller, won fame as the mistress of King Charles II, England's merry monarch of the seventeenth century; one of their bastard sons was created Duke of St. Albans. The other day at the fashionable Brooks's Club in St. James's Street, a group of thirty of their descendants gathered to commemorate the tercentenary of the establishment of the dukedom. The present Duke of St. Albans, 13th in the line, presided. It is calculated there are 1,700 descendants of the St. Albans line, including more than one hundred German princes, and residents of countries like Malawi, New Zealand, and Peru.

Norris, *Vancouver Sun*/Rothco

"I still say my 14-above Fahrenheit doesn't feel as cold as your 10-below Celsius."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Bad news, dear. Your American Express card just left home without you."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ms. Stamp's Career

I went into the post office the other day and saw this sexy woman at the counter.

"Henry Littlefinger!" she cried.

I didn't recognize her and I guess it showed.

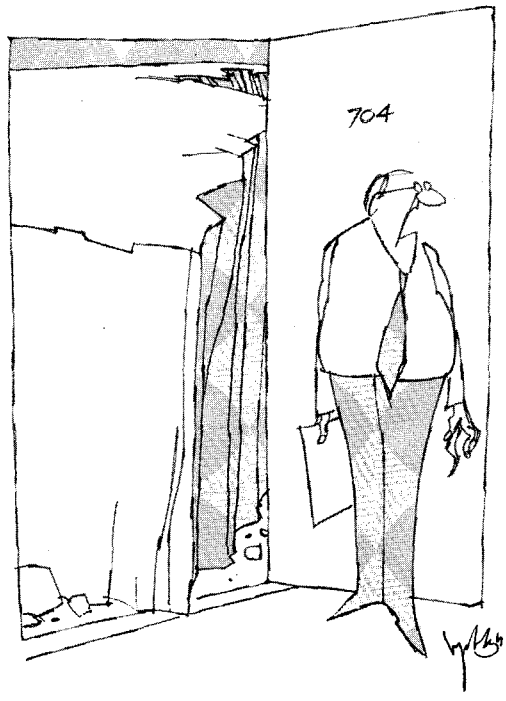
"I'm Ms. Stamp," she said. "Don't you remember me?"

"Ms. Stamp?" I said. "You've changed so much lately I didn't know who you were. I remember when you were just three cents old and pure as driven glue."

"I'm twenty now and going on who-knows. Now I'm big, bad, and bold."

"God help us," I murmured, "when you get old."

—JOHN KEEFAUVER



"Agnes, it's the Ice Age."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JESSE RUNNING

REVEREND JESSE JACKSON and Lieutenant Robert Goodman flew from Damascus to Frankfurt, West Germany, on January 3, and from there to Andrews Air Force Base the next day. The second-guessing and the instant-replaying began almost immediately: Since the Syrians gave Goodman up, it could only have been because they had nothing to gain by keeping him, and nothing to lose by letting him go, particularly to a black, pro-Arab Democratic presidential candidate (*Take that, Reagan!*) playing off his own bat. . . . But Wednesday the fourth was Jackson's day. He spoke at an evening rally in the Shiloh Baptist Church in rundown black Washington.

Rally or service? The pillars that supported the gallery were festooned with red and silver foil, presumably left over from Christmas. A red and green banner, "Tithe for God," hung over the pulpit. There was a standing-room-only congregation, maybe six hundred people, all but a dozen of them black, and all dressed to the nines. The older women and Queen Elizabeth use the same hatmaker (Quentin Crisp thinks those kinds of hats wait on the top shelves of closets and leap out onto unsuspecting heads below). With a bounce, a grand piano cued the green-robed choir, which strode swayingly down the side aisles, singing, *"He has done great things for me, I'm gonna be a witness for Him."* (Jesus or Jesse?)

"A family," the pastor began, "is grateful. A community is grateful. A nation is grateful. A world that has known many wars is grateful—because a soldier and a son has returned home. Lieutenant Goodman has returned to this land of the free and home of the brave. Speaking of land of the free, an outstanding citizen went to a distant land and returned a captive. Speaking of home of the brave, this man had the courage to go and bring home a captive. It is said: All that is necessary for evil to prevail is that good men do nothing. We are glad this man did something." ("When," a four-year-old who had squeezed with his mother into the press section asked, "is Jesse Jackson coming?") "Most of all, we are grateful to God." *Yes*, cried a voice, voices. "We are grateful to Him because in the words of the New Testament, Blessed are the peacemakers." *Yes*. "For they shall be called the children of God." *Yes*.

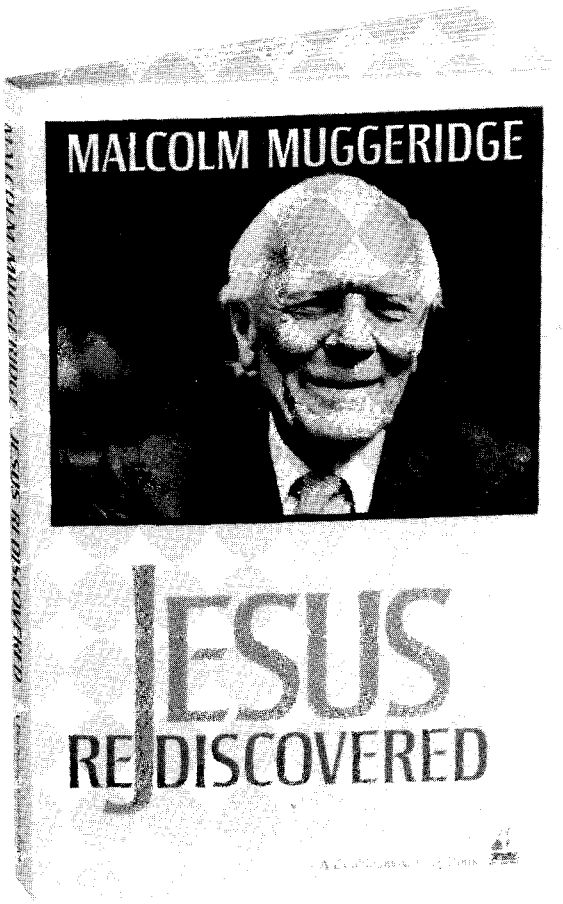
But the four-year-old and this 28-year-old had to sit through a veritable Chinese fire-drill of introducers and introducers of introducers, ministers and pols (Walter Fauntroy, District of Columbia Delegate at Large; Marion Barry, mayor of Washington) all saying their piece and grabbing a piece of the spotlight. The worst was first, a stout white minister whose name I didn't catch, a pale band of the Rainbow Coalition, who had forecast the election, he explained, from Second Samuel, thus: David had been one of eight sons, just as Jackson was one of eight candidates; David and Jackson were each the youngest; and David's father was named Jesse, which bent the parallel a little, but the congregation treated him indulgently, as they might listen to Barbra Streisand singing blues. The best was the second to last, Dr. Franklin Richardson, General Secretary of the National Baptist Convention. "We've come here tonight," he said, heavy and sweating, "to affirm and celebrate that God does work in human history. God interrupted the affairs of men, and caused the pilot to fall from the sky. If we have a personality on which we can hang our hopes and our dreams, O what a blessing it is. O what a blessing it is to believe that justice can flow like a mighty stream. O what a blessing it is that we are on the threshold of a new day.

"Testimonies are more important than titles. Pharaoh had a title, but Moses had a testimony." *Teach*. "Nebuchadnezzar had a title, but Daniel had a testimony." *Preach*. "Agrippa

Mr. Brookhiser, a senior editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, *will be covering the 1984 campaign for the magazine.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HERE IT IS!



(a book you'll never forget)

ONCE in a great while a book comes along that grips you from the opening page and remains with you for good. That happens to be a perfect description of *Jesus Rediscovered*, a most unusual book by the world-famous author Malcolm Muggeridge.

This isn't what you would ordinarily think of as a "religious" book at all. Far from it, in fact. Actually, it reads like an exciting novel. It's filled with marvelous examples of Muggeridge's wit and eloquence. Few if any other writers are able to make these important points with such zest and verve.

Jesus Rediscovered is not an especially large book (something over 200 pages) but it covers a lot of ground. In short order you are treated to a unique view of politics, science, technology, ethics, contemporary morality, and, of course, God and religion. On page after page you'll encounter things that will make you pause because you suddenly recognize something you have always known to be true but have never heard anyone say before. It's that kind of book—powerful stuff for an age of doubting Thomases.

Here's How to Get It Free!

Now you can get this wonderful book FREE with this special offer. All you have to do is subscribe (or extend your present subscription) to *National Review* for one year. Just fill out the handy card opposite this page, put it in an envelope along with your check or money order for $29, and mail it to us today.

We'll see that you get the next 26 exciting issues of NR and we'll send you a copy of *Jesus Rediscovered*, in the handsome new soft-cover edition ($6.95 retail), absolutely FREE and postpaid. That's all there is to it. But act now. Offer automatically expires when our supply of books is gone.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had a title, but Paul had a testimony." *Teach, preach.* "Pilate had a title, but Jesus had a testimony." Bedlam. "Ronald Reagan has a title . . ." Two-minute standing ovation. "Ronald Reagan has a title" (did the sly old shouter repeat himself because he sensed the continuity had been interrupted for the TV cameras?), "Jesse Jackson has a testimony." Pandemonium.

He was the best, that is, until the last introducer, Louis Farrakhan, leader of the Nation of Islam, a/k/a the Black Muslims. The Black Muslims, who emerged in the Thirties, the same time as that other black triumphalist sect, the Rastafarians, once believed that whites were not men, but demonic beings bred from germs. As they have moved closer to the Islamic mainstream, however, they have become less racist. Farrakhan, who is based in Chicago, had been part of Jackson's Syrian expedition. He wore a high-collared shirt, and a natty off-yellow bow tie with a matching handkerchief.

"In the name of Allah the Merciful . . ." he began in a soft voice, his gestures small, precise, almost effeminate. Every rule book of speechmaking tells you to build to your climaxes. Farrakhan didn't build; he went, without warning, to warp speed. "Give God the glory. Men's shoulders are too weak to accept praise." But there was praise coming. "He used our brother as an instrument of His peace. As long as we remain humble, He exalts us because He has the power to raise us higher and higher and greater and greater." *Teach, teach.* "America, you have not been good. You have not been just. You have not been kind. You enslaved an innocent nation that did you no wrong." He bounced on the balls of his feet, brandished a green-covered Koran. "Those who claim to have the light have it no more." Those like, in the seventh century, Byzantium and Persia (Mohammed's first enemies); in the twentieth, America and Russia. Fauntroy, on the end of the dais, listened rapt, grinned like the Cheshire Cat. "The Christian world is in darkness, the Moslem world is in darkness, the Jewish world is in darkness. In the United States is spiritual darkness. Here sits a man—" Jackson, sitting behind him, shook his head, as if to demur. "From the son of slaves, comes one saying, 'I have a vision.' He was more than presidential, he was God-like." Downshift, *subito.* "Listen: the spirit of God is moooving in the world. It's bigger—than guns. It's bigger—than bullets." Fans flicked in the hot building. Farrakhan wound it up, Jackson embraced him, the piano kicked in. Thirty signs waved, "God Bless You/Jesse Jackson."

At last, we got what we were waiting for. A white photographer, ponytailed and mustached, looking as if he'd missed a connection and come here from 1969 by mistake, forgot his camera and clapped and beamed. Jackson, 42, actually looks more boyish now than he did ten years ago. Cover up the British infantry sergeant's mustache, and those big, wide eyes look about eight. His voice was ragged and cracked. (Farrakhan sat at his side, mopping his brow, drinking water.) He was tired from traveling, he said, and brother Farrakhan had preached sufficiently unto the hour. He read out the telephone numbers of campaign operatives in a flat, administrative voice, and I thought, *They've topped their main act.* Foolish me.

"Mr. Reagan has been President now for—" *Too long.* "—three years. . . . There are more people on welfare. There are more people in poverty than since 1965." More infant mortality, malnutrition, and tuberculosis. "Our mission is not to fight fire with fire. If the Democratic candidates embrace the invasion of Grenada; if they embrace the military budget; if they do not support sanctions for South Africa; if they do not enforce the Voting Rights Act—they're trying to fight fire with fire.

"Throughout the history of this nation, there has been a struggle between the restrictionists and the expansionists." History prompted a digression. "America started with a military dictatorship, overthrowing a repressive regime. These militarists ran the country for a decade. Then they called on the best minds of that day" to write a constitution. "They looked at black people, and calculated us as three-fifths of a person. With all their brilliance, they didn't have the brilliance to count to one. Women couldn't vote—restrictions. Blacks couldn't vote—restrictions. Common workers couldn't vote—restrictions. It was an aristocracy, by any practical definition, called a democracy. One hundred years later, there was a Civil War. Brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers, destroyed each other in a fit of greed. One hundred years later still, blacks could vote. So there was this struggle between expansionists for freedom and those trying to shut them up. If you don't know where restriction is, you will watch ball games. You will choose entertainment over education. If you don't know any better, you will put dope in your veins instead of hope in your brains..

At evening's end, Jackson asked everyone who was not registered to vote to come forward and do so. He had spoken for 45 minutes without a note. How can you argue, as Mr. Reagan said, with success?

"You are not," Jackson said, "midgets. You are not grasshoppers. You are not the bottom of the nation—you are the foundation. The bottom is where you end up when you fall. The foundation is where you *begin with.* You can do without a bottom, not a foundation. If you live in a 23-story building in the penthouse, if the roof *falls*, no one cares, except those who live in the penthouse. If the foundation shakes, everybody must make adjustments. We must shake the foundation. Our time has come."

He shifted from strictures to the potential they bind. "The deep-sea diver knows the dive is worth it, because there are pearls. . . . If you ever get them, if you ever polish them, the dive was worth it. . . . Who knows but what in some child's mind—born out of wedlock—" *Yes.* (Jackson was.) "—locked into welfare, might be the cure for cancer? Who knows but what in the mind of some child in the slums, might be the equation for world peace? . . . Boards of education distribute money. *God* distributes genius.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Reach out! Make room for the locked out!" From time to time, Jackson stepped back, with a ballet dancer's lift, or a bullfighter's. "Whenever we feel restrictions, we react. When the Democratic National Committee says you must have 20 per cent to have your vote count . . ." An issue; the party's rules, revised in 1981, require candidates in primaries to win 20 per cent of the vote in a congressional district before they can be awarded delegates; Jackson claims it discriminates against blacks. ". . . You mean one person gets 19.9 and gets zero, another gets 20.1 and gets forty? That isn't New Math, it's *bad* math." Laughter. "No winner take all, winner take what you *get*. Ain't no statute of limitations on stealing . . .

"I don't want America," back to the general, "to withdraw the invitation that made America great. When the television stations go off at night, they don't show bombs bursting on people, they show bombs bursting in air. When the television stations go off at night, they don't show you Indians drowning in their tears, marching west. When the television stations go off at night, they don't show blacks coming bound and shackled and chained. They show you the Statue of Liberty, inscribed, 'Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free.' . . . *Stretch* out! Reach out! When you give life, you gain. When you help somebody there's a divine law of reciprocity—you can't help but be helped." Farrakhan, revived, riveted, blurts, *You are amazing!*

"Saul of Tarsus"—it was inevitable—"was saved through grace, knocked from his horse, traveling to Damasscuss"—hissed sibilants—"Syria. Great things seem to happen on the road to Damascus. Early one December morning, not far from the birthday of Christ, not far from the birth*place* of Christ, another young man was knocked from his plane. . . . The spirit moved in us, we took the wings of morning . . . a chance for the giants to talk *to* each other, not *at* each other."

Jackson's standard peroration concerns America's special duties—to "the children in the dawn of life, the poor people in the pit of life, the old people in the sunset of life." That night, he elaborated on each element, taking as his symbol of old people his grandmother. Words outran my flagging wrist, and I can only reconstruct.

"My grandmother. She's old now; she's eighty. She can't read or write. She's a genius—you can't live to be eighty in this country and not read or write unless you're a genius." Laughter. "Her sight's bad now, but she has *in*sight. I remember when I was a little boy, she took me by the hand and whispered in my ear, If you put your head in God's hand, you can *be something* some day. My grandmother." *Grandmother.* "And she can't walk like she used to. Her legs are all arthritic. But when she was younger and she missed her bus to go to work, *she walked.* My grandmother." *Grandmother.* "And she can't lift what she used to lift. Her arms are weak. But when she saw the children of the people she worked for reading and writing, she thought, Why can't my children do that? And she'd lift—heavy books she couldn't understand—so I could read. My grandmother!" *Grandmother!*

At evening's end, he asked everyone who was not registered to vote to come forward and do so. He had spoken for 45 minutes without a note.

How can you argue, as Mr. Reagan said, with success?

JESSE LOUIS JACKSON was not dealt a winning hand. He was born October 8, 1941, in Greenville, South Carolina, son of Noah Robinson and Helen Burns, a high-school student. Robinson was married—to someone else. When Jesse was two, his mother married his namesake, Charles Jackson, a post-office janitor. Thirteen years later, Jackson formally adopted him. All that time, however, the Robinsons continued to live next door. "When Jesse was nine," according to biographer Barbara Reynolds, "Robinson would see him standing in the backyard, gazing into [his] window."

"As soon as I would go to the window and wave," Robinson remembered, "he would wave back and run away."

Jackson ran hard in high school: honor roll, French club, quarterback of a championship football team. He went to the University of Illinois on a football scholarship, and transferred after a year to North Carolina Agricultural and Technical State University in Greensboro.* He headed back north to attend the Chicago Theological Seminary, but left in 1965 to work for Martin Luther King in Selma.

The Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) gave the bright go-getter his start. It was also the occasion for the most controversial episode in his career. After King was shot in Memphis, Jackson claimed to have been at his side to hear his dying words. His account of the *pietà* is universally disputed by the old King cadre. "I would never support Jesse Jackson to be president of Martin Luther King's organization," says Ralph Abernathy. "That's a *moral* thing"

*In 1964, he married Jacqueline Brown; they have three sons and two daughters.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Abernathy does support him—immorally?—for President).

But Jackson was striking out on his own. Ordained in 1968, he became (to use a Burke phrase not quoted at Shiloh Baptist) a political theologian and a theological politician. He announced for mayor of Chicago against Richard Daley in 1971, abortively; challenged the Illinois delegation at the 1972 Democratic convention, successfully; turned out the vote for Senator Charles Percy against conservative Democrat Alex Seith in 1978, and for mayoral candidate Harold Washington in 1983.

Jackson's main effort was Operation PUSH (People United to Save—later, Serve—Humanity). The theme of all its projects was black self-help; a pattern of many of them was a bright idea—proclaimed by Jackson—and faltering follow-through. PUSH threatened black boycotts of firms—Coca-Cola, Seven-Up, Heublein (Kentucky Fried Chicken)—unless they agreed to put more blacks in better jobs, and do more business with black firms and banks. In 1982, PUSH took on Anheuser-Busch, which called its bluff. The ensuing boycott fell flat, and Jackson made an agreement with the brewers that was not significantly different from their previous practice. In the course of the struggle, a black newspaper, the East St. Louis *Sentinel*, accused a PUSH subsidiary, the International Trade Bureau, of, in effect, taking kickbacks (the bureau registered black businessmen—with whom cowed corporations could deal—for a $500 fee). PUSH sued for libel, but settled out of court after being ordered to produce its records. Sloppy accounting also hurt PUSH-EXCEL, an educational crusade begun in 1976 to encourage children to study ("What does it matter if we have a new book or an old book if we open neither?"). By 1981, PUSH-EXCEL had rounded up 35 participating high schools and $4.5 million in federal grants. The Reagan Department of Education stopped the grants, and discovered more than $2 million of undocumented or unjustified spending.

Jackson ventured into foreign policy. He flayed America's dealings with South Africa. In 1979, he went to the Middle East, where he bussed Yasir Arafat ("a true hero"). He picked for director of PUSH's International Department one Jack O'Dell, an old Communist booted out of the SCLC in 1963.

In the grim Reagan years, Jackson turned to voter registration. His stemwinder to the twentieth-anniversary March on Washington was a state-by-state incantation of totals of unregistered blacks—"rocks lying around" to smite the Reaganite Goliath. All last summer, he swung through the South, signing up voters. Many of them, it seemed, wanted to vote for him. Jackson announced his candidacy November 3.

Jackson—never yet elected to any office, public or private, a man whose undoubted flair is hobbled by chaotic organization and smirched by wild and willfully ignorant talk—has no more chance of being President than you or I

JESSE JACKSON—never yet elected to any office, public or private, a man whose undoubted flair is hobbled by chaotic organization and smirched by wild and willfully ignorant talk—has no more chance of being President than you or I. What Jackson has a chance to become is black spokesman, by both white acknowledgment and black acclamation. If he achieves that goal, King could have died in George Wallace's arms, for all it will matter. This is one function of Jackson's vendetta over the delegate rules—to make himself the incarnation of black oppression and woes. It is also a reason for the coolness of other black leaders toward his candidacy. Julian Bond, Andrew Young, Benjamin Hooks are being eclipsed, and they know it.

The position of Number One Black may have increased political clout, largely because of Jackson's efforts. His visions of unregistered landslides are fantasies. But if black turnout increases by only 5 per cent this November (assuming also, not unreasonably, that blacks vote 93 per cent Democratic), seven states—Alabama, Arkansas, Massachusetts, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee—would show a Democratic increase larger than Reagan's 1980 plurality. Of course, a Jacksonized platform or, God help them, Jackson as a running-mate could boost Reagan's plurality even higher.

What has distinguished Jackson from previous black phenomena is a healthy disengagement from whites, whether as objects of hatred or purveyors of handouts. Preaching or politicking, Jackson is primarily concerned with the advancement of blacks, and by their own efforts. Hence his calls to replace dope in veins with hope in brains; to rally blacks to the polling place, or away from Budweiser. Hence even his desire for a black foreign-policy icon, such as South Africa, and his unwillingness to nod to the Jewish icon, Israel.

What Jackson lacks is discrimination. Any advance is as good, to him, as any other, however accomplished—whether by work, study, autarky, welfare, or rant. Since blackness is not enough to fuel a presidential campaign, even a symbolic one, Jackson has felt obliged to speak to other issues, where his indiscriminateness hurts him even more. Almost all his "non-black" positions have been grotesqueries or betrayals, always to the left. He has trimmed his sails on abortion: Jackson, pre-campaign, called it "murder" (his mother had considered aborting him, until her minister talked her out of it); now, while refusing to "encourage" it, he says women have a God-given freedom to choose. When Jackson was in Syria, his wife went, with Bella Abzug and others, to Nicaragua, seeking "to raise the consciousness of the American people and to make them recognize the struggle here for peace and free self-determination." Jackson's white cheerleaders look like Barry Commoner's cast-offs: Ramsey Clark, Randall Forsberg, Commoner himself.

Some day, post-Jackson, blacks will take the final step—disengaging from blackness—whereupon they will be able to offer their fellow citizens a serious choice. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Book Will Tell Your Children More About 1983 Than They'll Ever Learn in School

And 1983 is a year they would never forget. It was a year of social, political, and economic upheaval, and so many things happened so fast that *every* Conservative will want to have a permanent record of it all at hand—one that can be relied on.

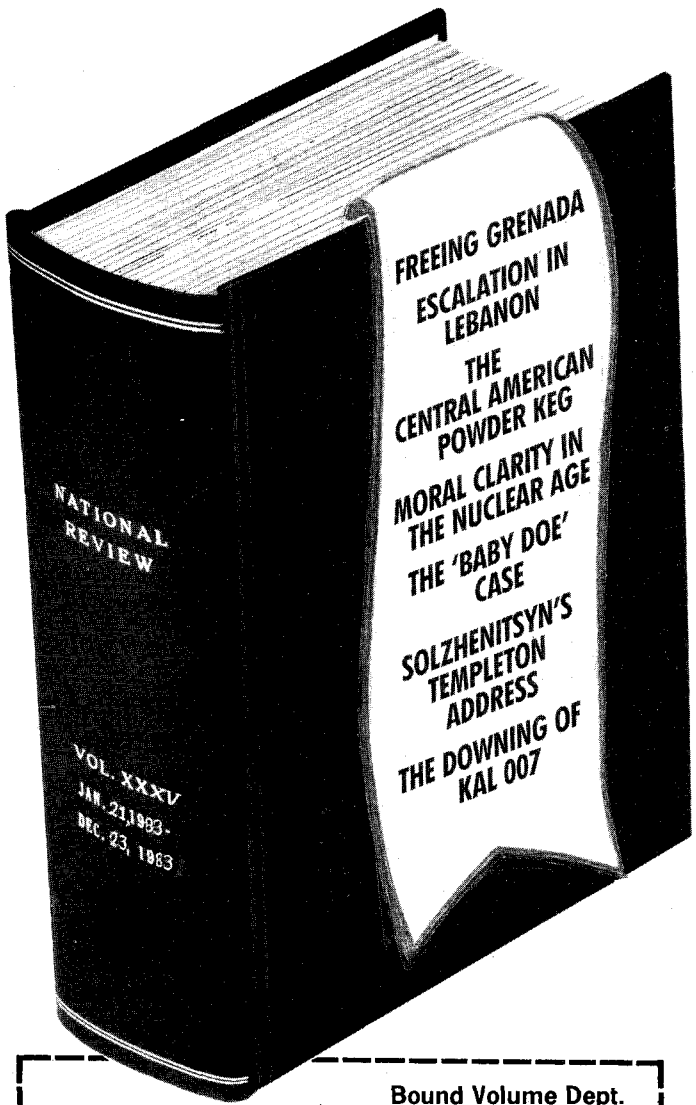
You get that and a whole lot more in *National Review*'s Bound Volume XXXV, your personal record of an incredible year. It's all there for you and your children, history that cannot be rewritten, just as it happened, unclouded by hindsight and misinterpretation. Everything you want (and *need*) to know about the exciting events of 1983 is at your fingertips, fully indexed for quick and easy reference.

This year's Bound Volume contains over 1600 pages packed with a veritable treasure-trove of some of the best writing in America. It's something every member of your family will enjoy having handy for source material or for leisurely browsing.

Please Act Now

Don't delay. Fill in the coupon today and send it to us to make sure a copy of this impressive book is reserved in your name (since only a limited number of copies are bound, reservations are made on a first come, first served basis). By acting promptly and ordering now, you'll be eligible for the pre-bindery price of $54.95, a saving of more than $10 over the regular price of $65.

NR's Bound Volume XXXV is certainly one that shouldn't be missed. Start your collection *now* with this handsome book. It's bound in rich maroon roxite and imprinted in 24-carat gold to make a prize addition to any library. You may pay with order or enclose a $10 deposit and we'll bill you for the balance when we ship you your book. Just fill in the coupon and mail it to us today. You and your whole family will be *very glad you did.*



NATIONAL REVIEW

Bound Volume Dept.
150 East 35th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

Gentlemen:
Please reserve a copy of *National Review*'s Bound Volume XXXV in my name at the special pre-bindery price of just $54.95. I understand that by ordering now my name will be placed on file and I will be notified in advance of the opportunity to acquire future volumes at a special price.

☐ **I enclose my payment in full of $54.95.**

☐ **I enclose my $10. Bill me later for the balance, $44.95.**

Name _____ **please print**

Address _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

Get it now at this special pre-bindery price!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A LOVER'S QUARREL WITH RONALD REAGAN

"YOU'D BETTER be right," comedian Danny Thomas once told Paul Harvey, "because you sound like God."

The popular radio news commentator probably sounds like God to Ronald Reagan too, considering Harvey's manna-like support for the President during the long trek through the economic recession to the promised recovery. If the hosannas from the White House are less than full-throated, however, it's because Mr. Harvey taketh away as well as giveth.

First, what Mr. Harvey gives. His three radio news shows, broadcast from Chicago twice on weekdays and once on Saturday, are liberally laced with conservative exhortations in behalf of the President's economic, social, and military-weapons programs.

Delivered with evangelistic fervor (Mr. Harvey is descended from five generations of preachers), this backing is truly a blessing to the Administration. The major airwaves aren't exactly clogged with conservative analysts, and even if they were, few if any could match the clout of the 65-year-old Oklahoma-born newsman.

Carried by 1,070 ABC affiliates (and some four hundred overseas radio stations), his three news shows occupy the top three slots in radio ratings. Each week a total of about 27 million people hear his distinctively upbeat, down-home, inflection-charged broadcasts. The President himself tunes in, schedule permitting.

Mr. Harvey's credibility with his listeners, built up during forty years behind network microphones, is . . . incredible. So persuasive a salesman is he that sponsors line up to pay $10,000 per commercial—big bucks for radio. Listeners buy his political views just as enthusiastically: The four thousand letters he receives in a typical week are overwhelmingly pro.

This huge, trusting audience is treated to almost daily pep talks on Reaganomics, a term that Mr. Harvey coined. Even during the dreariest days of the recession, when the President himself seemed a bit bearish, Paul Harvey's shows remained a bullish pulpit.

"Media sob stories" were countered with confidence-building statistics: the record number of Americans employed, the rise of personal income, the fall of inflation. The recession was put into context ("It's worldwide, and we're suffering less than other countries") and taken out of the unmitigated-disaster category (after economic binges, a drying-out period is necessary).

As recovery indicators grow more numerous, so do Mr. Harvey's exclamation points. "President Reagan has performed a major miracle . . . Our economy is sunnyside-up *without* inflation! . . . Reaganomics is working!" Nay-sayers and would-be bud-nippers are paddled publicly instead of privately in woodsheds: "The recovery is picking up steam. Only Fritz Mondale hasn't heard yet. . . . Domenici has capitulated to Democrats on his Budget Committee. . . . [Media pundits] are visibly dismayed that Reaganomics is working."

Mr. Harvey and the President also think alike on most social issues. If the President has put them on the back burner, as some New Right critics charge, Mr. Harvey keeps them well stirred. A sampling of his traditionalist views explains why he gets roasted on *Saturday Night Live* and toasted with lunch-box thermoses:

Crime—He advocates deterrent punishment such as castration for repeat rapists, berates wrist-slapping judges by name, praises communities *requiring* gun ownership.

Race—He's against quotas, forced busing ("America's schools are going downhill—by bus"), reverse discrimination ("The Supreme Court is chick-

Mr. DiSanto, who teaches communications at Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, is editor-in-chief of publications at Armstrong World Industries.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

en" for refusing to hear the case of white workers laid off to make room for blacks).

Environmentalism—The media "incite hysteria" by overplaying *causes célèbres* like Three Mile Island and Love Canal. Manmade pollution, worldwide, "doesn't equal the output of one active volcano."

The newsman's assessment of Communism parallels the President's so closely that they could switch jobs tomorrow and the Soviets would never even notice. Citing Soviet perfidy at home ("Much of the work in the Workers' Paradise is done by slave labor") and on the road (poison gas and toxins in Afghanistan and Southeast Asia), he concludes, "We'd have a hard time getting them to keep any weapons agreement." To keep the bear at bay, he favors developing the most sophisticated weapons, including the President's space shield, which will "make nuclear war obsolete in 17 years," and the MX, "which will deter anybody from starting anything."

Good conservative talk, all of this. Talk to widen Ronald Reagan's winning smile. Yet on one central issue Mr. Harvey parts company with the ex-president of the Screen Actors Guild and joins ranks with its current president, Ed Asner.

On show after show Mr. Harvey shakes his head over our involvement in Central America. From the conservative newsman's lips come familiar liberal catchphrases. We're getting sucked in by "that same domino theory that motivated our dead-end involvement in Vietnam." Domino theorists are nervous Nellies who fear that if El Salvador goes Communist, eventually "the Reds will be at the Rio Grande."

U.S. intervention, he tells listeners, is unjustifiable because of the "unworthiness of our allies"; it is unsupported by the American people, most of whom "don't even know which side we're on down there"; it is almost certain to fail and perhaps make Ronald Reagan "the first President ever to fall from a slip on a banana republic"; and if it does succeed, it will merely result in the "perpetuation of a ruthless military dictatorship."

Sounds left-wing, but the sentiments behind the words are rooted in the opposite side of the spectrum. Paul Harvey is an isolationist of the pre-World War II school. New-breed, left-wing isolationists believe the U.S. contaminates countries it tries to help militarily; Harvey believes those countries contaminate the United States. The left-isolationists pronounce America a "sick society" too morally feeble to venture abroad; Harvey finds America so uniquely vital and virtuous that she ought not risk infection from chronically unstable, violent regimes.

It is the conservative nature of Mr. Harvey's isolationism, and his pro-Reaganism on every score save this, that make his Central America criticism so damaging to the Administration. It's one thing for Ed Asner, Jane Fonda, and Tom Hayden to shout, "Hell no, we won't go!" They cannot sway average Americans because their values are perceived as alien. But when the voice of Middle America, the flag-waving, yea-saying Paul Harvey, joins their chorus, mainstream minds are changed.

Similarly, Mr. Harvey's denunciation of our actions in Vietnam probably did more to erode grass-roots support for our waging of that war than all the draft-card burnings and sit-ins put together.

Though Mr. Harvey's isolationism runs broad as well as deep—he wants us to get out of places as diverse as Lebanon, Chad, and South Korea—it isn't ironclad. His strong support for our invasion of Grenada proves that. But why thumbs up for thousands of U.S. combat troops in the Caribbean, yet thumbs down for a mere handful of advisors in Central America?

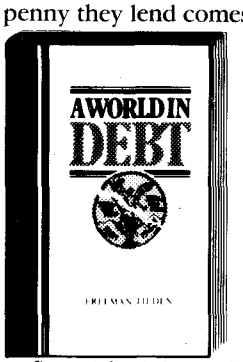
Probably for these reasons: The invasion was a quick, clean operation, as opposed to a prolonged, messy hacking away as in the jungles of Vietnam. And the President based his case chiefly on American interests—rescuing the students and ejecting the Soviet stooges—and not on self-determination for a beleaguered nation. That theme never has cut much ice with America-firsters like Mr. Harvey.

"It's vain to talk about restoring democracy in countries which don't even know the meaning of the word," said Mr. Harvey after the invasion. "But we can and should, as we did in Grenada, snip any tentacle of the Soviet octopus which threatens us."

Obviously, the President is going to have to do a better job of convincing Paul Harvey that our interests are also at stake in Central America and that it won't turn into a quagmire. □

IT'S THE ELEVENTH HOUR. DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR MONEY REALLY IS?

World financial collapse may be imminent. Default of billions of dollars by third world borrowers can happen any day. . .even as American banks continue to renew massive loans with no means of repayment in sight. And every penny they lend comes from your deposits. Your money is *not* safe.



The whole nightmare is vividly and accurately predicted in

A WORLD IN DEBT
by Freeman Tilden

with a new introduction by Albert D. Friedberg, the noted currency and money market trader

The nightmare of this century's second international debt crisis looms menacingly. The possibility—even probability—of massive default stares us in the face. What does history teach us? Can a financial cabal wrought by the American Government, U.S. banks and the I.M.F. lead us to financial ruin? Is today's situation all that different from that on the eve of the Great Depression?

A World in Debt is a classic written in the depths of the depression. It is as lucid, accurate and frightening today as it was when Freeman Tilden wrote it in 1935.

A World in Debt is a historical tour de force written for scholar and layman alike with delightful, biting sarcasm. *It is must reading for every banker, investor, depositor and borrower.*

A WORLD IN DEBT, deluxe hardcover, 300 pp. $35.00
Credit card holders call TOLL-FREE (800)323-1717/operator 377
(Illinois residents call (800)942-8881/operator 377)
or send check/m.o. to:
FRIEDBERG COMMODITY MANAGEMENT, INC.
11 W. 25 Street, NY, NY 10010
Please allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SENTIMENTAL INTEREST

Joseph Sobran

Real Peace, by Richard Nixon
Little, Brown, 107 pp., $12.95

THOSE WHO wish to reassure us that peace is possible often say that the Soviets "no longer believe in their own ideology." If this meant that the Soviets don't believe literally in the Marxist analysis, it would have some truth. If it means (as I think it is meant to) that they have come to doubt the efficacy of Leninist strategy and tactics, it is on the order of saying that the later Borgias had ceased to believe in Machiavelli. Marxism is largely nonsense. Leninism is superbly practical. In the Soviet Union you rarely see an image of Marx; Lenin is everywhere, a god who does not fail.

Richard Nixon appreciates this. *Real Peace* is an incisive, often profound manifesto for "hard-headed détente," written with aphoristic punch. "Real peace," it argues, is not to be confused with "perfect peace," which flourishes only "in print."

Real peace must be based on "common interests" shared by "the two superpowers," but these interests must also be compatible with the West's "reverence for liberty" and must not seek to evade "the moral issue that is at the heart of the East-West struggle." While pursuing ways to "cooperate" with the Soviets, we must also pursue the "battle of ideas" and even "propaganda war."

The former President would not exempt the Soviet bloc from ideological attack:

> Communism is an ideological bubonic plague. Wherever it has spread, it has made a nightmare out of the common man's dreams of a better life for himself and his family. It has broken up millions of families and has turned millions of others into refugees. It has killed tens of millions of innocent people and has enslaved nations. The first requirement of justice is that we block the further expansion of Communism.

Furthermore, "containment is not enough."

> It would be the height of injustice to purchase peace at the price of condemning forever to Communism the millions behind the Iron Curtain. The Soviets will never accept the status quo in the West. We must never be satisfied with the status quo—East or West. We must never accept their rules for "peaceful" competition: that the Soviet bloc is privileged sanctuary and that the West is their happy hunting ground.

Defining the Soviets as the main enemy, Nixon urges more cooperation with the "pragmatic new leadership" of China. He is especially anxious for more and better U.S. attention to Latin America, especially for aid in economic development. He sees hope for the Third World in general, since the "stark truth," now evident to all, is that "Soviet socialism does not work."

The Soviets, he says, "have lost the ideological battle in the Third World. But this does not mean that the West has won it. In the Third World, where change is inevitable, the West too often finds itself on the side of the status quo." We must work for change of a different kind from that which the Soviets offer. Nixon is optimistic that we can succeed, if only we have the will. "Obsessed with the idea that there is a limit to what we can do in the world, we have failed to press as hard as we could right up to that limit." This is no appeal for what liberals call "social justice," but a summons to help poor countries attain a reasonable degree of economic development.

Nixon has a fondness for words like "hard-headed," "pragmatic," and "reality," even as he reaffirms Western "ideals." On the whole, he maintains the balance adroitly, seeing as he does that Communism is not only aggressive but unjust. Still, one feels that he somehow underrates the moral dimension. He recalls that when Nikita Khrushchev shouted, "Your grandchildren will live under Communism," he replied "that we had no objection to his *saying* this but that we would firmly resist if he tried to bring it about by force."

This was a regrettable answer. We should very strongly object to the Soviets' saying what they relentlessly say, even if they *didn't* mean to bring it about by force. Ideas—even threadbare ideas—have consequences, and it is the grave weakness of conventional diplomacy, including, I regret to say, that of the Nixon Administration, that it dismisses "public posturing" as of little consequence. Such posturing is an important component of the "propaganda war," and it is taken serious-

H. N. Kelley is currently working on a book about Episcopal churches in the United States. He lives in Deerfield, Illinois.

Charles R. Kesler teaches government at Claremont Men's College, in Claremont, California.

Nicholas King, a veteran journalist, is the author of a recent biography of George Bush.

Terry Teachout is a student of psychology at the University of Illinois, Champaign-Urbana.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly, if not by sophisticated and civilized men, then at least by plenty of people who have guns. Nor are others unaffected by the tepid response of American leaders to what is, after all, a moral obscenity: the open declaration that our children shall be *slaves*.

The whole point of *Real Peace* is, it would seem, that the Soviet Union is our enemy. Yet Nixon shrinks diplomatically from the word: The Soviet Union and the United States are always "adversaries," engaged in deadly "competition," it is true, but still capable of cooperation in areas of "common interest." Hence:

> Our primary goal should be to build a new relationship with the Soviets in which we will be able to prevail upon them to cease their aggression. This can only happen when the bilateral relationship with us becomes more important to them than their adventurism.

Otherwise, war will destroy "civilization as we know it."

NIXON IS somewhat ambiguous as to whether "civilization" includes the Soviet Union itself. On balance he clearly thinks not, morally speaking. But civilization is more than technological artifacts; it is a fabric of moral habits that don't obtain under Communism. It is expressed in ordinary good manners; politically and legally, in institutions of consent and personal liberties; economically, in the innumerable freedoms of action summed up (usually invidiously, or at least narrowly) in the word "capitalism."

As a system of power and power-serving ideas, Communism, the unsentimental form of socialism, is a vast campaign to destroy the legitimacy of all civil relations. Communism can't co-exist with such relations, nor can it put a "relationship" with the United States ahead of its own *raison d'être*. Soviet "adventurism" is actually intrinsic to its being. Communist rulers can only justify their own power, with all the misery they impose on their own subjects, by making constant war on all rival principles of social order. Civility, liberty, equality, reciprocity, consent, the rule of law—different names for the principle of the West—rebuke Communism by their very existence. As Nixon says, "The Soviet leaders are not the same kind of people we are." No indeed. And they can't and won't sacrifice their "basic values" to a favorable balance of payments on a ledger sheet.

"The time is ripe for a deal," Nixon counsels us. Maybe so. But they used to say, "You can't do business with Hitler," and that is at least equally true of the frozen fanaticism of Communism, whose steady goal is not to outperform us, but to destroy us. The trouble with even a hard-headed "deal" is that it tends to cost us the moral clarity we so desperately need in talking to our enemy, without which we can hardly have the will Nixon desiderates. Much as he deplores the seductive "atmospherics" with which the media surround East-West summitry, it is almost inevitable that a civil society will sentimentalize the outward civilities of these events, no matter how hard-headed the actual negotiations. The lamb is not being hard-headed if he congratulates himself on having swung a "deal" with the wolf.

In one sense, Communism "works"—for Communist rulers and for the many uncivil men who are ambitious to emulate them. If the Soviets are indeed "the moral outlaws of the world," then we should negotiate with them in the same spirit in which policemen negotiate with an armed man who holds hostages. It is no good sentimentalizing "interests," any more than sentimentalizing Communism, peace, or disarmament. This also applies, of course, to our dealings with China. The one thing we must not grant the

THEY WANT TO CHANGE THE WORLD...FOR THE WORST.

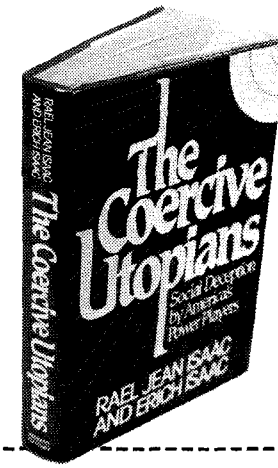
The Coercive Utopians

Social Deception by America's Power Players

Authors Rael Jean Isaac and Erich Isaac turn America's so-called "public interest" institutions inside out to reveal how those in charge covertly work to crush America—rather than change it.

Organizations in the environmental and peace movements; in the universities and radical think tanks—they are among the offenders that use America's innocence to their advantage.

The Isaacs reveal the startling truth behind the powerful elite and the means they are using to a dangerous end in this important book from Regnery Gateway.



MAIL TO:
Regnery Gateway, Inc., Book Publishers
360 West Superior Street, Chicago, Illinois 60610-0890 N2

☐ Payment Enclosed ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa

Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____

_____
Signature as it appears on credit card.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Payment must accompany order.
Please send: THE COERCIVE UTOPIANS _____ copies @ $18.95 a copy. Add $1.50 for shipping and handling. Illinois residents add 7%. TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rulers of that country (though even Reagan has) is moral legitimacy. And that is the one thing liberalism really wants us to grant them, as witness the liberals' continued enthusiasm for Nixon's China opening.

But I have dwelt at inordinate length on the flaw in a book I do wish everyone would read. *Real Peace* contains the antidote to its own single mistake, and much wisdom and practical shrewdness besides. It is a book we need. □

RECONNECTING HISTORY

Charles R. Kesler

Coolidge and the Historians, by Thomas B. Silver
Carolina Academic Press, 177 pp., $14.95

COOLIDGE AND THE HISTORIANS, a slim volume published by a young and gutsy press, is one of those books that will, in the course of a generation's slow circulation and dissemination, utterly change the way Americans view their history, and hence the way they view themselves.

That may sound like a bit much to claim for a book about Calvin Coolidge. If so, it is because we have all been hoodwinked by the standard histories of the 1920s. Never has the maxim that history is the polemics of the victor been more true than in the case of the accepted picture of the Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover Administrations—for the Pulitzer Prizes and Bancroft Awards have tended, over the past half-century, to go to scholars who have patiently, artfully, disingenuously transcribed Franklin Delano Roosevelt's attack upon "Coolidge prosperity" into the history books. It is the task of Thomas Silver's first book to begin, at long last, to correct this picture by exposing just how tendentious these historians have been.

Here, for example, is how the million-selling *A Pocket History of the United States*, by Allan Nevins and Henry Steele Commager, describes the 1920s: "The idealism of the Wilson era was in the past; the Rooseveltian passion for humanitarian reform was in the future. The decade of the Twenties was dull, bourgeois, and ruthless. 'The business of America is business,' said President Coolidge succinctly, and the observation was apt if not profound. . . . Never before, not even in the McKinley era, had American society been so materialistic." Or consider the most honored and influential of these liberal historians, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who dispatches Coolidge in these words from *The Crisis of the Old Order*, the first volume of his series (still in progress) on *The Age of Roosevelt*: "But, for Coolidge, business was more than business; it was a religion; and to it he committed all the passion of his arid nature. . . . As he worshipped business, so he detested government. . . . Economy was his self-confessed obsession; it was 'idealism in its most practical form'; it was the 'full test of our national character.' "

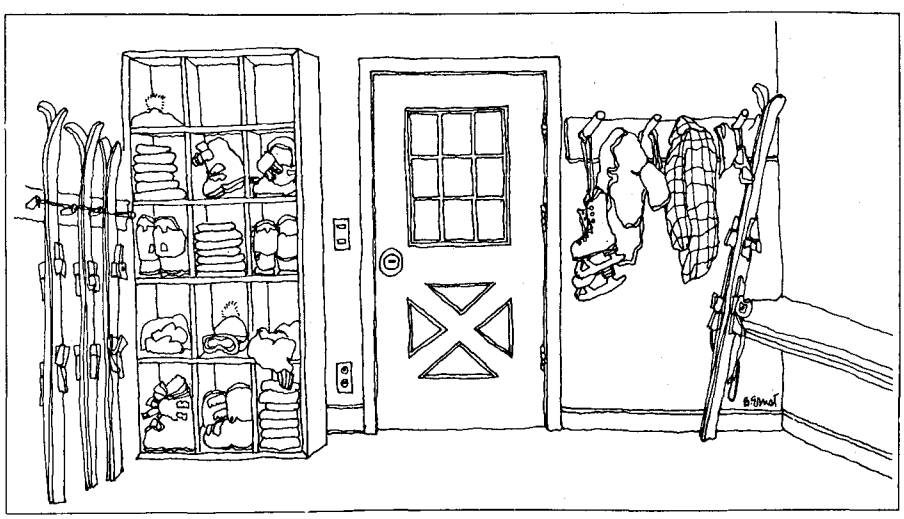
Were it not for Mr. Silver, the busy reader who is not a full-time scholar would remain at the mercy of the standard authors. The professional historians, who ought to bring their malpracticing colleagues to the bar of truth, have failed in their duty, out of either ignorance, funk, or conspiracy. In *Coolidge and the Historians*, however, Mr. Silver works a prodigy of political history by comparing what the liberal historians *claim* Coolidge said with what he *actually* said; and the proof of doctored evidence, perjured testimony, and reckless disregard of the truth is so abundant that no fair-minded juror could have any reasonable doubt that what Arthur Schlesinger and his colleagues have been writing is not history but ideology.

To begin with, Coolidge never said, "The business of America is business." He said, "After all, the chief business of the American people is business," which is, come to think of it, quite true. In the same speech he warned, "Of course, the accumulation of wealth cannot be justified as the chief end of existence. But we are compelled to recognize it as a means to well-nigh every desirable achievement. So long as wealth is made the means and not the end, we need not greatly fear it." Nor did Coolidge say, as Schlesinger has him say, that economy "was the 'full test of our national character' "; what he said was, economy is "*a* full test of our national character." Finally, let us hear Coolidge's materialism in the moving peroration to his speech on the 150th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

> We live in an age of science and of abounding accumulation of material things. These things did not create our Declaration. Our Declaration created them. The things of the spirit come first. Unless we cling to that, all our material prosperity, overwhelming though it may appear, will turn to a barren scepter in our grasp. If we are to maintain the great heritage which has been bequeathed to us, we must be like-minded as the Fathers that created it. We must not sink into a pagan materialism. We must cultivate the reverence they had for the things that are holy.

But "these are passages," Silver declares, "that have not found their way into the history books."

Point by point, Silver examines and refutes the prevailing interpretation of Coolidge's character and of the leading episodes in his political career. In a careful reconstruction of the events of the Boston police strike of 1919, Silver proves that Coolidge acted consistently and prudently, never losing sight



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his famous principle that "there is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time," and also never confusing the issue or diluting the principle by premature intervention or the soft-headed policy of trying to negotiate what was non-negotiable. Through a lucid reappraisal of Coolidge's veto of the McNary-Haugen farm-support bill, Silver exonerates him of the charge of indifference to the farmers' welfare. Moreover, Silver provides a breathtakingly factual account of the hugely successful income-tax cuts engineered by Coolidge and his Secretary of the Treasury, Andrew Mellon. This "tax bill which concentrated on cutting taxes for millionaires," as Schlesinger describes it, actually began as a proposal to cut taxes 25 per cent for *all* taxpayers, rich and poor. Nor was the effect of the bill as passed particularly favorable to millionaires. In 1922, with the surtax left over from the war at a formidable 50 per cent, those with very large incomes (over $300,000 a year) paid a total of $77 million in federal taxes. But by 1927, when Coolidge had succeeded in cutting the rate to 20 per cent, the same group paid $230 million. Meanwhile, the total tax burden on people earning less than $10,000 a year had shrunk from $130 million in 1923 to less than $20 million in 1929. Reaganomics *avant la lettre* worked like a charm, though the liberals slandered it then as they continue to do now.

Schlesinger and his accomplices are, of course, less interested in Coolidge as a historical figure than as "a symbol of American conservatism more generally," as Silver explains. Their history is simply the continuation of their politics by other means, and those means are neither enlightened nor fair-minded. It should not be surprising, then, that Schlesinger has not responded to Silver's criticisms, since for him it is not truth but reputation and political iconography that are at stake. Besides, how does one answer the unanswerable? In his pugnacious but careful review of Schlesinger's handiwork, Silver connects Schlesinger's conceit that American history is the story of class conflict between the plutocrats and the people—according to which 1929 was the crisis of capitalism, overcome not by violent revolution but by peaceful, rational, incremental revolution—with the political purpose that

The price of looking it up just went *way down!*

2,300 pages • 320,000 words • 3,000 illustrations • Full-color maps of the world

Now you can own the latest edition of one of the finest dictionaries in print, and at the same time save up to $55—$19.95 if purchased from a Barnes & Noble bookstore and $14.95 if purchased from this ad.

It's just our way of acquainting you with our "bend-over backwards" policy of giving you the most for your money.

Webster's— Standard Reference for More than 40 Years

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary has been a standard reference work for more than 40 years. The *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* continues that fine tradition and is one of the most complete and up-to-date dictionaries available today. Just look at what it contains:

- clear and accurate definitions for 320,000 words and phrases including new additions to the language from physics, chemistry, biology and other specialized fields;
- more than 3,000 illustrations;
- a complete collection of full-color maps of the world;
- thumb-indexed for easy reference.

In addition, the entries are printed in large, clear type, making this dictionary especially easy for you to read.

19 Important Encyclopedia Supplements

These useful supplements offer a wide range of valuable encyclopedic information, including...

- A Dictionary of Geography
- A Dictionary of Noted Names in Fiction, Mythology, Legend
- A Dictionary of Foreign Words and Phrases
- A Dictionary of Scripture Proper Names
- Most Commonly Used Abbreviations
- Practical Business Mathematics;
- Commercial and Financial Terms
- Forms of Address
- Tables of Weights and Measures
- Presidents, Vice Presidents and Cabinet Officers of the United States
- Air Distances between Principal Cities
- Principal Geographical Features of the World

NOW SAVE $55

You might expect a dictionary that's this complete to cost you as much as $50, $60, or even $70. Indeed, the original publisher's price of *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* is $69.95. But now, by special arrangement with the Publisher, we can offer this fine reference work for the amazingly low price of only $14.95. That's a saving of $55.00 or 79% off the original price, and an even greater savings off our regular bookstore price—25% greater! This special $14.95 price is only good by mail with order form below.

Barnes & Noble
BOOKSTORES, INC.
126 Fifth Ave., Dept. W152, N.Y., N.Y. 10011

Your 30 Day Money-Back Guarantee
Examine this unabridged dictionary for up to 30 days. If you are not absolutely convinced that it is the finest dictionary you ever used, return it for a full and prompt refund.

1189398. Please rush me _____ copies of the *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* at your special sale price of $14.95 (plus $3.00 postage and handling). *N.Y. and N.J. residents: Please add sales tax.*

✔Check One
☐ Payment enclosed
☐ I prefer to charge this purchase to:

☐ American Express Card ☐ VISA ☐ Master Card

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Account# Exp.

Signature

Offer good only in the continental U.S.A.

1983. Barnes & Noble Bookstores, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANDOM NOTES

☐ SOME FEBRUARY TITLES: In *Straight Stuff: The Reporters, the White House, and the Truth* (Morrow, $17.95), James Deakin, for 25 years the White House reporter for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, dramatizes the conflict between the reporter and the government whose activities he is paid to scrutinize. . . . *One Writer's Beginnings* (Harvard, $10; limited autographed edition, $40), by Eudora Welty, consists of three autobiographical talks inaugurating the William E. Massey Sr. Lectures in the History of American Civilization at Harvard. . . . *E. B. White: A Biography* (Norton, $22.50), by Scott Elledge, is the first biography of the *New Yorker* essayist and novelist, who at this writing remains alive and well and living in his beloved Maine. . . . *Tyranny of the Status Quo* (Harcourt Brace, $10.95), by Milton and Rose Friedman, criticizes President Reagan for not taking advantage of the early months of his Presidency to effect substantial economic changes. Although the authors believe that Reagan has made a "real start" in cutting taxes, they find that he has made "no progress" in the area of cutting spending and balancing the budget.

☐ COMING IN MARCH: In *Outgrowing Democracy: A History of the United States in the Twentieth Century* (Doubleday, $19.95), John Lukacs considers the passing of the American empire and the decline of American civilization in the latter half of the twentieth century. . . . *The Authentic Mark Twain: A Literary Biography of Samuel L. Clemens* (Pennsylvania, $29.95), by Everett Emerson, argues that Twain was at his best when writing in the famous vernacular with which his pen name was associated, rather than in the more "dignified" and certainly more pessimistic vein of Samuel Clemens. . . . *Of America East and West: Selections from the Writings of Paul Horgan* (Farrar, $25.50), with an introduction by Henry Steele Commager, includes specimens of Horgan's work as an historian, biographer, essayist, and short-story writer; plus an entire novel. —CW

alone gives meaning to such a fanciful interpretation. "There seems no inherent obstacle," Schlesinger wrote in 1947, "to the gradual advance of socialism in the United States through a series of New Deals."

The great fight in American politics is always over who will define what the middle of the road is, because whoever controls the middle ground controls the terms on which political consensus can be formed. Since the New Deal, the Democratic Party has denominated the Wilsonian and Rooseveltian openness to history (understood as a continuing advance toward what Schlesinger pregnantly calls "a not undemocratic socialism") as the American middle of the road, with the result that American conservatism has seemed both reactionary and extreme. The Reagan revolution has begun to reverse this state of affairs, but if it is to be really revolutionary it needs something more than short-term political success: It needs to reconnect itself with the history and accomplishments of the Republican Party before the New Deal, which means finally with the principles of the American political tradition that the Republican Party was founded to preserve. Restoring high principles and purity of purpose to the party of Lincoln will require that the lies and myths about "Coolidge prosperity" and the "rich man's party" be dispelled—and in this enterprise Thomas Silver's book is the indispensable first step. ☐

HOPE-AND PUBLISH

Richard Brookhiser

The Alliance, by Richard J. Barnet
Simon & Schuster, 511 pp., $19.95

THE CUT-AND-PASTE JOB is a type of book named after its manner of composition. The author, usually a journalist, goes through a clip file, cutting out all the items that support his thesis, and pastes them together, after light rewriting. The subject is typically some public event or public figure, and there is often a partisan axe being ground. Cut-and-pastes perform the valuable service of assembling information quickly in a handy format, and supporting the prejudices of their readers.

A more respected variety of the cut-and-paste covers historical periods, frequently recent. Without offering original research, or new insights, or stylistic distinction, the representatives of this sub-genre impose a shape on large and otherwise unruly swatches of time. They are written not for scholars, but for intelligent laymen, opinion-makers, perhaps associate professors preparing graduate seminars. The point of view may be implicit or avowed. Paul Johnson's *Modern Times*, a survey of the last six decades, was frankly written from the vantage of a partisan of economic and political freedom.

Richard J. Barnet, a co-founder and mainstay of the Institute for Policy Studies, takes on an only slightly less unwieldy subject in *The Alliance*: the relations between America, Western Europe, and Japan, from the end of World War II until the present (approximately up to the fight over the Soviet gas pipeline).

The story is simple in outline. The United States, instead of imposing a Carthaginian peace on its defeated enemies of the Second World War, decided to help them get back on their feet. Similar assistance was extended to the wartime allies. At the same time, America agreed to undertake their defense. Barnet has his doubts about how altruistic all this was; America expected to pay the piper and call the tune. But as its allies, old and new, became more prosperous, and as its guarantee of defense seemed less credible or necessary or both, the nations of the alliance inevitably began pulling in different directions.

Barnet views these events from Olympus. Not for him the role of an open advocate. His cut-and-paste wants to be seen as strictly neutral, with a dash of irony. ("From a standpoint of moral neutrality," Tom Stoppard recently observed apropos of the invasion of Grenada, "you can't justify going into someone else's country. The question is, Is the standpoint of moral neutrality the moral position?")

But Barnet's access road to the summit runs up the left-hand slope. It shows in little things: an odd detail, a momentary break in tone. John Carter Vincent makes a passing appearance as an "expert on the Orient" (so he was; so was Owen Lattimore). When the subject shifts, for ten pages, to the students of the New Left, and away from their crusty, bickering elders, the irony subsides. Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, but to be young at heart was very heaven.

The most striking imbalance, however, is structural. Allies ally against something, actual, possible, or imaginary. Why else get together? Yet here is a book without an enemy—or without a comprehensible one, which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

amounts to the same thing. From time to time, when it is unavoidable, Barnet opens a trapdoor in the stage on which the farce of the alliance is playing, and out pop the Soviets. (Even these entrances are often cued by the main action; thus, the Czechoslovakian coup of 1948 was a response to the Marshall Plan.) When the scene ends, back they go, not even noises off, gone, and forgotten. Clearly Barnet thinks they *aren't* real enemies. It is a conclusion he always assumes, and sometimes asserts, but never argues.

It is hard with a writer so uncandid to say what his ideal is. Barnet's is probably not Communism, but a state of mind that lost common currency, in its original form, with the Henry Wallace campaign, though it has lately returned: Every day, in every way, things get more and more progressive. It doesn't work that way, at least not automatically; some of the most creative statesmen of the postwar period, as Barnet glumly records—Konrad Adenauer, Shigeru Yoshida, Charles de Gaulle—were conservatives of one sort or another. But one can hope. And, meanwhile, publish.

The alliance is not a non-problem. Détente did not work; rollback has not been an option since 1956. We must decide, probably soon, whether to keep the present containment/deterrence structure, tested and tried, but increasingly pinched in the joints; or let ourselves and our allies go, leaving perhaps only a variety of bilateral agreements, with the certainty that some of those countries would slide into the Finnish position. Let us hope for a treatment of the problem, above the level of mucilage. □

A FEMINIST EXERCISE

D. Keith Mano

Kathy Boudin and the Dance of Death, by Ellen Frankfort
Stein & Day, 192 pp., $14.95

LET THIS quote just sort of, I dunno, wash over you.

> It was now 1968—a big year for campus radicals. To help heat things up, our country launched the Vietcong Tet Offensive in January and February. By April, campuses all over were in revolt.

Talk about a revisionist historian. Damn, so it was Americans, all done up as Vietcong, who assaulted our embassy in Saigon. Who came pouring down from the north and west on Hué, Ben Tre, and Tan Son Nhut. You wonder America committed so many men to Vietnam? We were fighting for *both sides*. And this quote isn't some deft political inversion. Ellen Frankfort actually thinks we launched the Tet Offensive. You are dealing here with a woman of unimpeachable ignorance.

THE BOOK that she has written—or perpetrated, as policemen say—is worthless chicken scat. She did almost no original research on the Brink's robbery. (She sucked up to Mary La Porta, girlfriend of one dead cop. And read—and will quote—*Rediscovering the Nyacks.*) Her text is based on gossip, unattributable statement, personal pique, mere supposition, and bumptious ego. The prose style couldn't hose down a sidewalk. We already know how far to trust her knowledge of American history. The whole disconnected, padded, bumbled attempt is rather like watching a fly larva hatch.

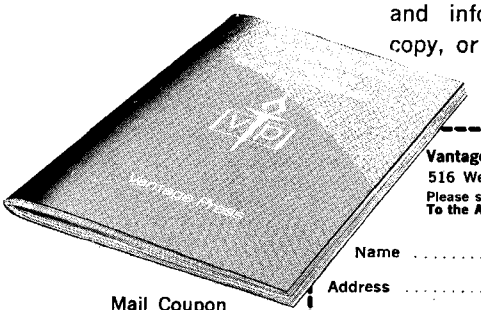
Kathy Boudin, I suppose, might serve as convenient symbol or synopsis for all that Sixties-Seventies madness. The attractive, intelligent, intense child of the notorious liberal-and-worse lawyer Leonard Boudin, she left Bryn Mawr *magna cum laude* (after having disrupted that campus for each successive radical velleity). KB was present at the Creation and at the Destruction: Moscow (age 16), Havana (age 17), work with black welfare mothers, Chicago, Weather and Panther violence, Greenwich Village bomb-making, underground subsistence, crime. In a sense no American child has been so prepared, from the dance of sperm and egg, for bitter, dogmatic antagonism. You don't require Freudian analyses or comparative sociology to understand KB. She knew nothing much else; out of stubbornness and vicious spite and, mainly, inertia, she carried it to the logical, illogical conclusion. There is pleasant, symmetrical neatness in her finish—if "neat" can ever be appropriate to describe someone indict-

To the author in search of a publisher

YOU ARE INVITED to send for a free, illustrated brochure which explains how your book (or your organization's) can be published, promoted and marketed.

Whether your subject is fiction, non-fiction or poetry, scientific, scholarly, specialized (even controversial) this handsome 40 page brochure will show you how to arrange for prompt publication.

Unpublished authors, especially, will find this booklet valuable and informative. For your free copy, or more information, fill in and mail the coupon.



Mail Coupon for your Free Copy

Vantage Press, Inc. Dept. AO-1
516 West 34th St., New York, N.Y. 10001
Please send me a complimentary copy of To the Author in Search of a Publisher.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State ..... Zip .....

Offices in Washington, D.C. and Hollywood, Calif.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

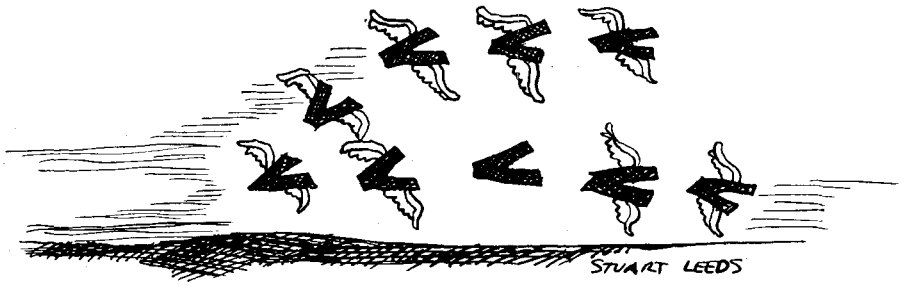
ed for a callous, stupid, sneaking murder. It was a fulfillment.

Ellen Frankfort doesn't approve of Kathy Boudin. She might like to but, well . . . 1) That nice black woman gave Miss Frankfort all her background material (mostly old copies of the *Journal-News*). 2) Kathy and Leonard Boudin were uncooperative. Kathy even said "that writing a book about her without her permission was exploitative, something I didn't entirely disagree with." In fact, Kathy got snubbed. I don't blame Boudin I & II: unprincipled opportunists are one thing—but dumb, talentless opportunists are a liability. 3) KB was so extreme that she gave feminism the Bronx bleat. In particular by shacking up—physically and ideologically—with macho, chauvinist black men. "Why didn't Kathy split from the men guilt-tripping *us* for not going along with *their* so-called sexual revolution? . . . But Kathy, it turns out, was more interested in 'kicking ass'—the new action planned by Weathermen for Chicago in early October." Well, you could never accuse KB of being inconsistent. I once asked a white prostitute why she had supported black pimps throughout her life. And she said, "White men pay me for sex all day. I have no respect for them. Black men never pay. They're real men." I guess they seemed realer to KB as well—when set against those very proper white leftist men, who paid for their political turn-on with correct rhetoric, correct magazine subscriptions, and, so to speak, liberal tenure. An M-16 blast is at least less boring.

Ellen Frankfort has the same prejudice. She assigns responsibility for Kathy Boudin to Leonard.

> Town houses, summer houses, seeing two kids through private school, Ivy League college, and graduate school, frequent travels abroad and tailored suits from Savile Row—those are the hallmarks of a certain class of Northeastern intellectual leftists (except perhaps for Savile Row).
>
> And, of course, that other hallmark—the wife is defined primarily by who her husband is.

KB didn't want to finish like her mother: a mere leather patch on Leonard's elbow—standard feminist psychological reconstruction. Beyond that, though, there is a class difference between Ellen Frankfort and Kathy Boudin. You can say this for the Old Left—they had style, they read, they did their homework (even if they cheated on it). By sheer arrogance (and usually from some academic power position) they could defend indefensible stands. The New Left was awkward and unread. Miss Frankfort, even in comparison to Kathy Boudin, her coeval, is a leftist epigone. The Boudins must have rubbed it in.



This is a feminist exercise. Ellen Frankfort means to isolate KB—her violence—from mainstream lib. On the other hand, you can't even be sure of Miss Frankfort's sincerity here. A fix was in. Her writing, you see, got subsidized by grants from the Money for Women Fund. Meanwhile Rockland County is being left in hock by Leonard Boudin and his legal process. KB has had more changes of venue than a hobo. Officer Brown, Sergeant O'Grady, armored-truck guard Paige, much less expensive, will remain where they are. □

FICTION

INEVITABLY BERLIN

Nicholas King

The Story of Henri Tod, by William F. Buckley Jr.
Doubleday, 254 pp., $14.95

WILLIAM BUCKLEY lives and writes at breakneck speed, and the impression given by his series of spy thrillers—of which this is the latest and most skillful—is that they are spun off like meteorites from the fiery core. Indeed, among the admiring public that traces the dynamics of his political personality, these stories are often taken as expressions of nervous relief, therapeutic changes of pace, high-tension rest cures, or star-shot bagatelles aimed at the best-seller market.

Whatever the Blackford Oakes chronicles are—that is the name of their hero—they are certainly not sublimation. On the contrary, there is a strong case for describing them as mainstream outbursts, full of gusto, not to mention joy, and stamped like nothing else Mr. Buckley produces with the hallmark of his sardonic elegance. They canter along in quixotic rhythms, loosely orchestrated by their secret-agent maestro, the glamorous if faintly rueful exemplar of early CIA and late Yale. As the protagonist, Blacky Oakes is a kind of semi-reverse hero whose chief weapon is restraint and whose success, in the shadows of love and war, lies in the practical and honorable middle.

In *The Story of Henri Tod*, Oakes plays a drawstring role, offstage in fact most of the time. This isn't the reason for the book's success, for Oakes is never tedious. It is rather that he is crowded out by a splendid panorama of characters who come together in Berlin in that critical summer of 1961. That was when the Communists found the ultimate solution to the problem of how to keep their subjects from succumbing to the attractions of the West: They built a wall around East Berlin. Before that, Berlin, as a city ruled jointly by the four occupying powers, was of necessity a place open fairly freely to cross-border movement, chiefly and naturally in an East-West direction. It had become by virtue of these possibilities a chief point of hemorrhage in the vast Communist body, and it bled East Germany, week after week and month after month, of tens of thousands of its elite citizens.

The Berlin Wall was erected in the face of surprising passivity on the part of the United States and its British and French allies, who literally stood by watching across the lines of demarcation of their zones, for as joint occupying powers they had the undoubted right to prevent its construction, by force if need be. The West instead was preoccupied by Khrushchev's threat to sign a separate peace treaty with the German Democratic Repub-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lic, thus giving East Germany a pretext for cutting off the entire city, and not just its eastern zone, from the West.

No one at the time seemed to have thought much about the consequences of a concrete-and-barbed-wire precipice dividing Berlin into Communist and free halves, and the Kremlin and its East German puppet, Walter Ulbricht, would have backed down before the mildest show of strength on the part of the three Western garrisons. This dramatic episode in history is the focus of the story's tension and the fatal coming together of the pathways of its intertwined plots.

Henri Tod, a German Jew who as a boy was smuggled away from the Nazi regime to wartime England, is the leader of a Germany-wide anti-Communist underground called the Brüderschaft. It is he who foresees the catastrophe of the erection of the Berlin Wall and lays plans to hijack American tanks when the American command fails to block the actual construction. It is his bullet-ridden body that Blackford Oakes carries in mournful expiation back to burial in the West through the Brandenburg Gate. Far away, during a buffet dinner party in Hyannis Port, John F. Kennedy hears the news from the director of the Central Intelligence Agency. The President lifts his glass; "Too bad," he says.

These are the bones of the action, but there is a lot of rich meat in between, including in particular a hilarious love affair among the red velvet and rosewood furnishings of Hitler's private sleeping car, abandoned in an old railroad station. There is a marvelous vignette showing how success is achieved in the Soviet police bureaucracy through specialization in the fine detection of Trotskyism and Trotskyists. There is an arresting series of verbal film clips of Jack Kennedy in passages of grave decision and of raffish levity, passages that were often simultaneous. The portrait of the late President is painted, incidentally, with what one intuitively accepts as the most powerful authenticity: It must have been exactly like this. Finally, there is the tale of Oakes himself in his latest—is it caper?—thinking of his lost sweetheart at home but making do with a stranger equally genteel.

But the book this time does not belong to Oakes. It belongs to Berlin and to the amazing life of this city that has survived for forty years as a monument to the durability of the spirit of its free self. It may be that Mr. Buckley is re-creating the traditional picaresque novel in a modern political-historic style, and for this his present subject is admirably suited and vigorously and convincingly portrayed. Read it and keep up with him—if you can. □

LOOKING BACK

MONOLOGUES IN DISGUISE

Terry Teachout

"CRITICS OF words," says composer Ned Rorem, "use words; critics of music use words." Neat—and very much to the point. For writing about music is an impossible job, rather like being trapped inside a mixed metaphor. You might think that, all things considered, composers would be apt to do the best job of it. Not so. Indeed, you can count the number of composers who have written first-rate prose on *any* subject and still have a few fingers left over: Berlioz, Debussy, Copland, Virgil Thomson, Rorem himself—and, of course, Igor Stravinsky, whose six "conversation books" have just been reprinted in paperback by the University of California Press, providing us with a cogent reminder of how geniuses do it.*

Stravinsky's books, like Vladimir Nabokov's written-out "interviews," were the fastidious expression of an essentially autocratic impulse: his desire to address the musical public directly without running the risk of being misquoted by ignorant journalists or seeing his dated *bons mots* ("Music is incapable of expressing anything") ripped out of context and recycled as Holy Writ from the World's Greatest

**Conversations with Igor Stravinsky*, by Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft (162 pp., $5.95); *Memories and Commentaries*, by Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft (183 pp., $5.95); *Expositions and Developments*, by Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft (168 pp., $5.95); *Dialogues*, by Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft (152 pp., $6.95); *Themes and Conclusions*, by Igor Stravinsky (328 pp., $8.95). (*Themes and Conclusions* is a one-volume edition of *Themes and Episodes* and *Retrospectives and Conclusions*.)

Now in its third printing!

Vermont Royster
My Own, My Country's Time
A Journalist's Journey

The longtime *Wall Street Journal* editor's life and times, estimates of the nine Presidents he has known, and reflections on a half-century of news and opinion-making.

"To read Royster's summary of his life is to share again with him the can-do optimism that built the nation."— HARRISON E. SALISBURY, *St. Petersburg Times*

"Written by a person unbiased, untainted, who believes in telling it like it is"— BARRY GOLDWATER

At your favorite bookstore or order with the coupon below.

ALGONQUIN BOOKS
P.O. Box 2225R, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

Please send ___ copies of **My Own, My Country's Time** at $18.50 each plus $2 postage & handling.

☐ Check ☐ Money Order
☐ Visa ☐ MasterCharge

Card # _____
Expir. Date _____
Signature _____
Name _____
Address _____

N.C. residents add 4% sales tax

The NO RISK Way... To Buy Precious Metals

1. Demand **IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.**
2. Insist on **IMMEDIATE CASH** payment.
3. Request **SIGHT DRAFT DELIVERY,** the most secure way to purchase metals by mail. Your bank will release funds only when you take delivery.

Western Federal Corporation

Makes IMMEDIATE DELIVERY
IMMEDIATE PAYMENT
SIGHT DRAFT DELIVERY

GOLD • SILVER • PLATINUM

24 HOUR QUOTE SERVICE
In Arizona Call — 1-998-1000
Out of Arizona Call - 1-800-528-3158

Western Federal Corporation
8655 East Via De Ventura • Suite E-155
Scottsdale, Arizona 85258
Registered with the Commodity Futures Trading Commission

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Composer. A certain amount of tinkering was necessary at first, however; Stravinsky's ghost-written *Autobiography* (1936) proved hopelessly unsatisfactory, and *Poetics of Music* (1942), the book assembled from his 1939-40 Harvard lectures, also left much to be desired.

Finally, Stravinsky hit upon the ideal solution: the interview, a literary medium that permitted him "to speak directly on a number of subjects, and to jump from one to another, without losing time from composition to write a 'book.'" *Conversations with Igor Stravinsky*, a 1959 collection of interviews conducted by Robert Craft, Stravinsky's musical assistant, was the result. It sold well, received good notices, and apparently satisfied its author, who later wrote that "my autobiography and *Poetics of Music* . . . are much less *like me*, in all my faults, than my 'conversations.'" A sequel was soon in the works, and the Stravinsky-Craft team would continue to generate fresh "conversations" up until four days before the composer's death in 1971.

CONVERSATIONS *with Igor Stravinsky*, the title notwithstanding, is far from being just another volume of tape-recorded talk. The epigraph, a quotation from Rudolph Kassner, gives the clue: "In the Kingdom of the Father there is no drama but only dialogue, which is disguised monologue." The book itself was painstakingly assembled by Robert Craft from Stravinsky's notes and from his handwritten answers to numerous questions framed by Craft; the tone is formal, the prose style elegant, the effect about as "conversational" as a Platonic dialogue.

In the finished product Craft slips discreetly into the wings, leaving his illustrious partner at center stage: Stravinsky *in excelsis*, the polished and worldly raconteur whose mordant recollections range from Proust's ignorance of late Beethoven to the day Ortega y Gasset pulled out his wallet and produced an autographed picture of Gary Cooper. And Stravinsky's professional recollections are scarcely less lethal than his memories of old friends: "I would like to admit all Strauss operas to whichever purgatory punishes triumphant banality. . . . Ravel? When I think of him, for example, in relation to Satie, he appears quite ordinary. . . . Berlioz's reputation as an

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

"A SOCIETY THAT accepts the life of a man in its entirety and steeps itself with a strong juice of life," Eric Hoffer wrote in his posthumously published memoir *Truth Imagined* (Harper & Row, $11.95), "is not given to sentimentality." Such was the country in which Hoffer wandered as a young man, in the 1920s and '30s, riding freight trains up and down California from one job to the next—selling drill pipe, picking fruit, panning gold—and immersing himself in books, especially the Old Testament.

> What grandeur, what vividness and freshness of perception! A primitive mentality, naïve, clumsy, yet bold and all-embracing, throbbing with an eager curiosity, sparked an imagination which had the directness, precision, and penetration of a grand scientific conception. What a passion for symmetry and order! Without the equipment of knowledge or tools, a bold mind sets itself to subdue the chaos of the multitude of natural phenomena, to correlate, intertwine, and arrange them into a pattern.

In ancient Israel he discovered the paradigm for pre-Rooseveltian America: "America before the coming of FDR was singularly free of self-pity." Recollecting his years as a migrant worker, Hoffer at times came dangerously—if pardonably—close to the sentimentality he disdained.

Part of Eric Hoffer's appeal as an essayist was his serenity, amounting at times to simplicity and mirrored by a prose style verging in places on simple-mindedness. His was not, however, the home-and-hearth serenity of C. S. Lewis or Christopher Morley. For at least the first half of his long life Hoffer lived in thrall to a vagabond restiveness that, while it rewarded him with a range of experience much wider than most social critics possess, also denied him the ties that bind men to an appreciation of normative existence.

His mother died when he was five, his father when he was 18; in 1920, with $300 in his pocket, he left New York for Los Angeles because "it was warm." For the next 21 years—until 1941, when he joined the Longshoremen's Union—he was part of California's vast migrant labor force. As a hobo he figured himself a free spirit and darling of the gods, secure in the fact of possessionlessness and the absence of any permanent emotional commitment: When, well into his thirties, he did fall in love with a girl in Berkeley who wanted to civilize him, he lit out with the alacrity of Huck Finn departing the Widow Douglas. (Almost fifty years later he wrote that he had "never fully recovered" from this love.) However considerable his surety about the world, it was the surety neither of the chapel nor of the library but of the cockpit, from which one learns what breed of chicken has the greatest stamina, the swiftest speed: in short, the best genes. In any match between what Flannery O'Connor called an "innerleckshul" and what Hoffer himself called the "common man," you could count on him to bet right every time.

HOFFER WAS popularly described as the "unique longshoreman-philosopher," as if it were unprecedented that a man could be both a writer *and* a manual laborer; yet it was really his civility, rather than his intellect, that astonished. Intellectually Hoffer was overrated; he was not in any sustained or rigorous way a thinker. He did teach himself to write fairly well, and he had some good ideas; also, an unerring common sense, which, as Mencken used to remind us, is by no means a "common" attribute among "common" people. But it was his tone, not his substance, that made intellectuals sit up. OK, this longshoreman has written some books. That was conceivable. But the style! . . . So humane, even urbane: no proletarian ragings, no lower-middle-class vulgarities or other smallness of the soul. To be a self-trained writer was one thing, to be a self-nurtured gentleman another. And so, since intellectuals prefer to conceive of things in wholes, they proclaimed him a philosopher.

He wasn't, of course. But he was smart enough—and honest enough—to see through them just the same. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

orchestrator has always seemed highly suspect to me." It was a formula that worked to perfection; who could resist such a high-toned combination of gossip, reminiscence, and shoptalk?

Nobody, it turned out, except the various people who would run afoul of Stravinsky-Craft's growing tendency to open fire on living targets as the series progressed. Harold Schonberg once wrote that "musicians approached the books . . . as though a live hand grenade were under the covers," and with good reason: Herbert von Karajan's first recording of *Le Sacre du Printemps* was dismissed by Stravinsky-Craft as "a pet savage rather than a real one," Menotti as "a bachelor composer," Britten's *War Requiem* as "a soft bomb," Boulez as "that arch-careerist," Martin Bernheimer (of the *Los Angeles Times*) as "ignorant, errant, and smug."

Such attacks rarely went unanswered —much less unnoticed—and the replies tended to focus on the question of authenticity: Were the opinions expressed in the conversation books, particularly the later ones, *really* Stravinsky's? After Stravinsky's death the mud began to fly in earnest, with *New Yorker* music critic Winthrop Sargeant (a prominent Stravinsky-Craft victim) stating the case for the plaintiff in the bluntest terms possible:

> . . . those who knew Stravinsky know that he was fluent only in Russian and French, and that his numerous writings in English in recent years were the work of his amanuensis, Robert Craft, who extracted a good deal of Stravinsky's prose style from French and the composer's halting English and presumably added a good deal of his own.

To which novelist Paul Horgan (a friend of the family) promptly replied:

> I have never known conversational English more pungent than [Stravinsky's], or more grammatically correct, precise (often devastatingly so) in vocabulary, and original in style, all within the frame of the natural syntax of the language.

In all likelihood, neither Mr. Sargeant nor Mr. Horgan has it quite right. For openers, the question of Stravinsky's English is a red herring: The composer was fluent enough to be thoroughly familiar with such disparate works as Edmund Wilson's *Patriotic Gore*, Chesterton's *Chaucer*, and Evelyn Waugh's *Scott-King's Modern Europe*. And only Robert Craft's most hostile critics can doubt that the first three volumes of the series are probably pretty much as advertised. Not only is the style of Stravinsky's "replies" completely different from that of Craft's own acknowledged writings, but their flavor is exactly what one would expect from a brilliant Russian *émigré* who learned English relatively late in life; the Stravinsky of the first three conversation books sounds like no one so much as the Vladimir Nabokov of *Speak, Memory* and *Strong Opinions*. Furthermore, as B. H. Haggin puts it,

> The substance of what [Stravinsky] said could be only his; what was known of him disposed one to believe that the powerful mind, the sharp eye for human character and behavior, the grim sense of humor, the gift of pungent saying were also his.

Matters become somewhat less clear-cut when one turns to the final volumes of the series. At the time, as Stravinsky authority Eric Walter White has observed, "It appeared that the two authors were beginning to sink their individual identities in a new character which was distinguished by some of the salient characteristics of both." Moreover, Stravinsky's health was in decline throughout his last decade, making it increasingly difficult to reconcile the sharp-tongued "Stravinsky" of the later conversation books (particularly the "conversation" dated "April 1-2, 1971," just four days before Stravinsky's death) with the feeble, aged composer portrayed so movingly in Craft's published diaries.

It seems likely that Craft's role in drafting Stravinsky's end of the later "conversations" was more extensive than he has so far chosen to admit; but it seems just as likely that the *substance* of these books still came directly from the composer himself. Stravinsky is a hard man to imagine ventriloquizing, even in his dotage; and the qualities that B. H. Haggin found in the earlier books are just as vividly present in the later ones. As for the changes in prose style, one may consider a letter sent by Stravinsky to the *Los Angeles Times* in 1970. Replying to an accusation by Pierre Boulez that Craft was "putting words into Stravinsky's mouth," the composer retorted:

> Concerning the contributions of my "arch-disciple" . . . may I say that it would be strange indeed if we had *not* put words into, or helped to get them out of, each other's mouths; after all, we have been working together for 23 years.

In the end, perhaps, the question of authenticity is irrelevant to present-day readers of the conversation books. Samuel Lipman is clearly right to discount "the evidentiary value of Stravinsky's large literary output"; but even if one posits the (unlikely) worst, one is still left with the writings themselves—with their wit, their spleen, their critical insight, their genuine wisdom. One finds these qualities in the first volume:

> *RC:* What does "sincerity" mean to you?
> *IS:* It is a *sine qua non* that at the same time guarantees nothing. Most artists are sincere anyway, and most art is bad—though, of course, some insincere art (sincerely insincere) is quite good. One's belief that one is sincere is not so dangerous, however, as one's conviction that one is right. We all feel we are right; but we felt the same way twenty years ago and today we know we weren't always right then.

And one finds them in the last volume, too:

> *NYR:* And your own future, Mr. Stravinsky?
> *IS:* I will have to stay closer to home, and my object world will be more limited. But I have been thinking of how Vermeer was able to reflect a world and live a life of perfect making in his own studio . . . So I must try, in my smaller way, to look more closely close by, and to bring more life to my own still-life.

The present reissue of Stravinsky's conversation books does require one major caveat: The University of California Press has chosen to reprint the later English editions rather than the original American texts. The final two volumes have been collapsed into a single, giant-sized compilation, and Robert Craft's diaries, which were an integral part of *Dialogues and a Diary*, *Themes and Episodes*, and *Retrospectives and Conclusions*, have been omitted from the present edition.

More serious is the extensive—and unannounced—editing that has been per-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

formed on the last four volumes of the series. Certain venomous passages have disappeared altogether; "Slightly More of a Plague on One of Their Houses," the celebrated appendix to *Expositions and Developments*, in which Stravinsky roughed up music critics Paul Henry Lang and Winthrop Sargeant, was turned into a six-line footnote by the anonymous editor of the English edition. Other passages (notably Stravinsky's acidulous discussion of Menotti's *The Last Savage* and Britten's *War Requiem*) have been toned down considerably. Anyone using the present reissue for scholarly purposes should proceed with extreme caution.

General readers, of course, need not hesitate: The Stravinsky-Craft conversation books belong in every civilized library. Even the tone-deaf will appreciate their high literary style; and those who esteem Igor Stravinsky as this century's greatest composer will marvel anew at the breadth and culture of his extraordinary mind. One inevitably thinks of Stravinsky as the rebellious young composer of *Le Sacre du Printemps*; but he was actually one of the great *conservative* artists of our time—and the conversation books reveal that his conservatism was a matter not merely of musical taste but of profound intellectual conviction as well. No wonder he hit it off so well with Ortega y Gasset and T. S. Eliot and Evelyn Waugh. *They* knew. □

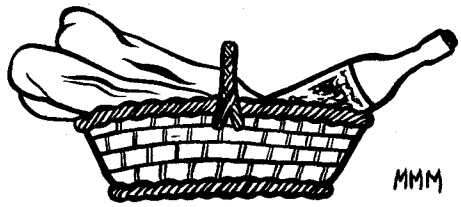
MUSIC

THE SUCHE LINE

H. N. Kelley

ALL TRUE Wagnerians are daft. Daftier than most are those who stomp and shout after every Wagnerian performance, good or bad. Daftest of all are the indomitable marchers on the Suche Line.

The mecca of all true believers is Bayreuth, in Bavaria, where the opera house that Wagner built stands atop the Green Hill, surrounded by gardens, statues of the Master, and food. From three to four in the afternoon and twice thereafter, during the hour-long pauses, the Festspielhaus is surrounded by throngs dressed in an amazing display of Teutonic evening finery, and the click and whirr of cameras is everywhere (very different from elegant Glyndebourne, in England, where seldom is heard anything so gauche as the sound of a shutter). Whenever the throng is not sorted out into the notoriously uncomfortable seats inside the theater, it is packed into restaurants (indoors and outdoors and on two levels), or lined up at the sausage-and-beer, or sweetcakes-and-coffee, or champagne, stands to drink and devour on the hoof. No true German ever goes hungry for very long.



At the front of the building is that famous balcony where trumpeters warn of curtain time by playing themes from the opera at hand. Then, on the side away from the restaurants, there marches the Suche Line—*Suche* means search—descending like locusts upon anyone spotted trying to get to the box office. The marchers bear hand-lettered signs with the word SUCHE or SUCHE KARTEN, followed, for example, by "1 x Siegfried" or "Von Texas, SUCHE 1 x anything." The marchers are mostly student-age, but there is a sprinkling of embarrassed-looking older people, far less lively on their feet than the younger ones. They are all after the same thing: tickets that are being returned to the box office . . . and they have money in hand to pay.

In the little box office itself, if you can get there, you will find three clerks, unnecessary except to say "Sorry" to telephone calls. They know they will get no tickets, so they almost automatically write out your SUCHE sign for you.

"Would you believe it?" the head woman asked me. "These people spend their whole vacations walking in the broiling sun, hours every day, intercepting tickets being returned. Not a single ticket ever gets into this office. They are all snapped up out there."

Outside, the marchers regarded me doubtfully as I put my tape recorder into action. What was my game? "You *sure* you haven't got a ticket?" asked one young man. He was a Bostonian living in Munich. In past years he'd managed to get occasional tickets in advance, but his source had dried up.

A Tony Somebody was here every day for four or five hours. "How often have you scored?"

"One of the *Ring* operas and a *Tristan*."

An American student from Paris wouldn't divulge his technique, but he had picked up a *Rheingold*, a *Walküre*, and a *Meistersinger*. He was still trying for *Siegfried*, which had eluded him on the first two rounds (this was his last chance). A girl from Mainz with heavily accented English said, "I've been here every day, but yesterday was the only luck I've had. *Bitte*, don't you have a ticket for me?" A boy from England had picked up a ticket last week, but got his so close to curtain time that he was unable to change from the shorts he was wearing, which created some obvious audience disapproval. He had been coming to Bayreuth for many years.

Whether it was his heavy beard and ponytail or his jolly aggressiveness, I don't know, but a young man from San Francisco suched for 2 x as he had his girlfriend with him, and he had had three successes in a week. He was the only one who complained about the cost—as well he might. Six tickets at the printed price would have cost him around $500. He was, however, impressed by how few ticket-holders tried to turn a profit. "Of course, scalping is illegal." He had been spending four hours a day on the line and admitted to being hot and tired, though he said half the fun was people-watching. He knew his Wagner. He had seen the *Ring* in several different countries and we discussed the Hall *v.* the Chéreau versions, as well as our shared dislike of Wagner in English translation.

After a dozen such interviews, I sought out Dr. Bauer, head of the Festival press division. He, like the box-office woman, complained of those who disregard all warnings and come to Bayreuth without either opera tickets or hotel reservations. (Theoretically the Festival committee controls all hotel rooms and allots them to those who have opera tickets.) During this and other pleasant chitchat, I felt a bit like a hawk circling before descending on its prey. If anyone could unlock the great secret of obtaining Festival tickets, it was this man. So I began to swoop, but the prey was wilier than the hawk.

"Dr. Bauer, I see all those people

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

outside who came here trying to get tickets."

"They should not!"

"What should they do?"

"Order by mail."

"They say they tried that."

"Too many try by mail. We have much more applications than seats."

"Then what does one do?"

"Write to the box office by November 15. We send you papers and you send them back."

"And then?"

"Bookings are open on November 15, but by that time we already have too many applications."

"How many?"

"We don't count such things. They come from seventy to seventy-three different countries. One of our biggest groups is from Japan." Then he guided me skillfully into a discussion of the international aspect of Wagnerism: In any given opera, the principal singers will be drawn from several different countries. Seventeen nations are represented in the chorus. People should not say that Wagner's operas are nationalistic. They have nothing to do with nationality.

I never did find out what happens after you return the application papers, so I turned to people about town who had lived through a succession of festivals. Each had his own formula and was very sure he was right.

Most cynical was a taxi driver who had driven thousands of customers up the Green Hill and down again. "You get tickets if you know someone," was his conclusion.

The barman at the hotel had it all reduced to a mathematical formula. "You must apply three years in a row. You're turned down two years, then get tickets the third year." He said once you're in, you're in, as he could tell from the fact that the bulk of the hotel's clientele was the same each year.

A clerk at the Parsifal Pharmacy (honest—that's its name) said it was all a lottery. Applications were drawn from a huge hat.

The most helpful suggestion came from a waiter who frequently served Festival personnel unwinding after performances. He claimed the Festival management was so obsessed with proving its international thrust that tickets were allotted freely to Wagnerian organizations and travel agencies throughout the world, and this was the best way for a non-German to gain admittance. But there are difficulties here too, because this distribution is spread wide and thin, and no allotment is ever large enough. You must find out the booking rules of your society or agency a full year ahead, and then, when the time comes, don't fool around! □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Best of Modern Humor, edited by Mordecai Richler (Knopf, 542 pp., $17.95)

IT IS DIFFICULT to take seriously a collection of humor that does not include Jean Shepherd, probably the best humorist writing today. Such, however, is the peril of anthologies, which depend on both editorial taste and copyright permission. Nevertheless, *The Best of Modern Humor* presents a pretty rich assemblage of writers both known and not for their comic writing. You would expect Frank Sullivan, Robert Benchley, and James Thurber, and they are here, but you also get H. L. Mencken on cops, Wolcott Gibbs on the Luce empire, and Tom Wolfe on young executives. You would expect Damon Runyon and Ring Lardner, and they are here, but so is A. J. Liebling on Huey Long. If the editorial judgment was flawed in what it left out, it was also off the mark in some of what it included, like the pieces by John Cheever, Truman Capote, Lisa Alther, and Kurt Vonnegut, which seem to have no place in such an anthology. Yet the good here outweighs the bad. *The Best of Modern Humor* may not be the best, but it does contain a lot of laughs, and that is probably enough for the casual reader of humor. Specialists, however, know: Anthologies often exasperate and seldom satisfy. JOE MYSAK

Coughing in Ink: The Demise of Academic Ideals, by Philip F. Lawler (University Press of America, 212 pp., $23.50 hardcover, $11.25 paper)

PHIL LAWLER was a conservative cynic on the Harvard campus in the late Sixties, when his colleagues were being little Robespierres. He observed a curious conformity then in what the radicals said: They were a "herd of independent thinkers" even though they vaunted diversity in all areas, including ethics. Lawler's politics today seem rooted in his undergraduate experience; in a sense he never left Harvard. This book is a welcome cogitation on the relevance of God, family, and free enterprise to a modern university education. Lawler takes too seriously the shibboleths of the Left; for example, he naïvely wonders, "Our universities today strive mightily for diversity. Why should they not take equal pains to ensure diversity in the faculty's ideology?" But he is especially astute about the spiritual abulia in our universities—the lack of a defining purpose, and the weird celebration of this fact in terms of spiritual non-alignment, or value-neutrality—and he aptly characterizes them as "multiversities," given to the promotion of Third World identity, enlightened ideology, poverty awareness, career goals. Say the word, pay your tuition, and the multiversity will provide. The only thing you cannot buy, unfortunately, is what Aquinas termed the three essential questions for salvation: "what to believe, what to desire, what to do." Here the multiversity replies, with some sheepishness, "Your own thing, man, your own thing." DINESH D'SOUZA

THE GREAT UNIVERSITIES

provided the ground for the important political leaders, philosophers, theologians, scientists, lawyers, poets, and religious of the past.

Our college program is based on the Humanities as discerned in the great books of Western civilization and as seen through the eyes of the Christian humanist.

THOMAS MORE INSTITUTE OF LIBERAL ARTS

FOR CATALOGUE AND BROCHURE WRITE TO:

DR. PETER V. SAMPO
Thomas More Institute of Liberal Arts
One Manchester Street
Merrimack, N.H. 03054

PLEASE SEND ME INFORMATION ABOUT THIS PROGRAM

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP .....

TELEPHONE .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATELLIZATION OF MRS. THATCHER

NEW YORK, JAN. 30

YANK: What got into Mrs. Thatcher?

Brit: What do you mean, "What got into Mrs. Thatcher?"

Yank: So she gives an interview to the *New York Times* in London. And she dumps all over Reagan on the Grenada business, one more time. Three months after the invasion, two weeks after the last U.S. combat soldier has left the island, five days after the last elected prime minister of Grenada goes back there and says he wishes the United States would leave a detachment there permanently, one month after a poll reveals that more than 90 per cent of the people of Grenada are positively worshipful in their gratitude to the United States for having relieved them of hell on earth under those Marxist madmen. That's what I mean, "What got into Mrs. Thatcher?"

Brit: Mrs. Thatcher is a political woman, just as your President Reagan is a political man. She is certainly entitled to take into account domestic pressures, isn't she?

Yank: You raise two questions. The first is: Why should there be such heavy domestic pressures against our action in Grenada? It is obvious that the Left would be opposed, because the Left is always opposed to any action's being taken that sets back the Marxist movement anywhere on earth. The second question is: How pressing could such pressures have been? She won her election only half a year ago and won it resoundingly. She is totally in command of the House of Commons, and she even implied, in the same interview, that she intends to run again in five years, when her current term comes to an end. So that neither strategic nor tactical concerns can plausibly be said to have demanded this fresh denunciation of Reagan's Caribbean move.

Brit: She made herself perfectly plain. She said that force is only the instrument of last resort; and that her problem has been to persuade Europe to deploy the cruise missiles, and the Grenadian business made it much tougher for her; and that, after all, Grenada is as far from the States as Cairo is from London, and what does it matter if we have a Communist island in the eastern Caribbean? She even said that, after all, she had never attended a Commonwealth Conference since she became prime minister at which a freely elected prime minister from Grenada had been present, so if she can put up with such creatures, why can't you Yanks?

Yank: Well, there are several comments one might make here. The first is that not all that long ago, the British considered Cairo close enough to London to warrant direct military intervention: 1956. They failed; we didn't. Second: The Commonwealth is a jolly abstraction, not all that different from the United Nations. Other than that all Commonwealth countries curtsy to the Queen, they have nothing else in common. A Communist Grenada may be okay by Mrs. Thatcher. It isn't okay by us, and she should give us the benefit of the doubt in matters Caribbean. Argentinian rule in the Falkland Islands doesn't cause us any loss of sleep, but we gave her the benefit of the doubt on that one, understand?

Brit: But what about the argument that it made the missile deployment that much more difficult for her?

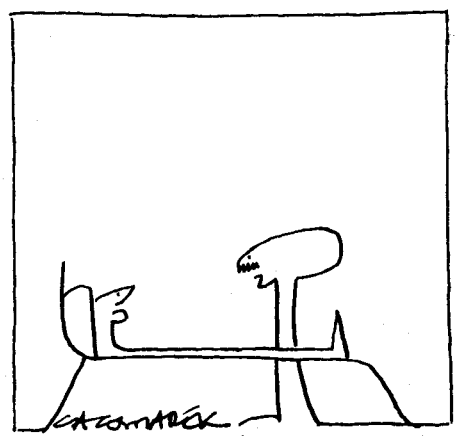
Yank: The whole idea of missile deployment is to prevent happening to Europe what had just about finished happening in Grenada. If the American people thought that the acceptance by Europe of missiles designed to protect not us, but Europeans, was so narrowly achieved, enthusiasm for collective security would be threatened to the point of having as many Americans calling for the return of our troops from West Germany as are calling for their removal from Lebanon. If Mrs. Thatcher suddenly doesn't understand the doctrine of containment, she doesn't understand the basic moral architecture of our alliance.

Brit: You will not deny that the use of force is only the last resort?

Yank: I not only deny it, I denounce it as a mischievous, dangerous cliché. People who utter it mean, or ought to mean, something else.

Brit: What?

Yank: Force should be resorted to when the absence of force does not effect an imperative national objective and should always be used when less force guards against the use of more force at a later time. A lesser force used against Hitler in 1937 would have prevented the need for greater force used against him beginning in 1941. The difference between the two modes of force is measured by about 45 million lives. Lives lost by using force too late. □



"You could be both sane and crazy. It's hard to tell these days."

DEATH SQUADS & U.S. POLICY

NEW YORK, JAN. 6

IN DISCUSSING the business of terrorists and death squads and U.S. policy in general recently, *Time* magazine emphasized a solidifying U.S. consensus. It said that Vice President "Bush was in El Salvador for just seven hours, but his warnings about 'these right-wing fanatics' were stark and powerful. 'Your cause is being undermined by the murderous violence of reactionary minorities,' he said to an assembly of the country's politicians and military men, '[which] poisons the well of friendship between our countries. [Do not] make the mistake of thinking that there is any division in my country on this question.' "

Now, let us concede that the death squads are composed primarily of sadistic opportunists who, taking cover in the civil war, pursue their acquisitive and sanguinary interests relatively unmolested because of the preoccupation of civil authority with that civil war. Is it a strategically decisive problem that they are unregulated? One on which plausibly hangs the question whether

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we should aid the government of El Salvador?

One's instinctive feeling in the matter (perhaps I should not go so far as Mr. Bush and suggest that there is "no division in my country on the question") is that the world would be better off if a dozen Salvadoran government sharpshooters, in the middle of the night, were to visit the homes of the leaders of the death squads and, in the brisk style of Charles Bronson in the movie *Death Wish*, simply do away with them. To be sure, there would then be those who accused El Salvador of commissioning a Super Death Squad; but we could leave that discussion to the American Civil Liberties Union to fret over, and go to sleep a little bit more peacefully in the knowledge that the country we were sending military and economic aid to was not co-existing peacefully with squads of men who go out at night and murder missionary nuns.

But what one must guard against is the notion that our alliance with the government of El Salvador is a function of its civilized deportment.

A generation ago we joined hands with Josef Stalin, whose entire government one might charitably refer to as a death squad. He would not have welcomed any advice on how to reform Gulag; which advice, for the record, nobody in the government of Franklin Delano Roosevelt felt any compulsion to tender.

Twenty years later, we began telling President Diem in Vietnam to mend his ways sufficiently to keep Buddhist monks from immolating themselves in protest against his policies. What we ended up with, in due course, was the boat people.

A half-dozen years ago we decided we had better begin running Iranian internal affairs, and began inveighing against the (demonstrated) cruelties of the representatives of the Shah of Iran. In due course we got the Ayatollah.

Last month, the newly elected president of Argentina indicted a handful of military figures whom he will hold responsible for the six thousand *desaparecidos* wasted during Argentina's civil war. This grand gesture toward a historical reconciliation between Argentina and justice does not belie the chronological point, namely that at the time the Argentinian death squads were operating, either the government could not, or, if it could, it did not, impede their activity. And now Argentina is being run by a democratic government. It would be glib to suppose that that would necessarily have come about if the counter-revolutionary activities against the Montoneros, the Argentinian version of the Sandinistas, had been conducted according to rules of warfare that nowadays satisfy the refined consciences of American congressmen. Argentina is in the hands of democrats, not totalitarians. How that came to be is a subtle question, deserving of subtle analysis.

We are in El Salvador because its government, for all its impurities, is geopolitically allied with us in the great cosmic effort, however disheveled, to give freedom and democracy and decency a chance against the Communist monolith. To suggest that United States support should be contingent on El Salvador's regulation of its grisly death squads is, simply, to miss the point; and to raise to primacy, in the formulation of foreign policy, considerations that are, simply, extrinsic to strategic U.S. concerns. □

RELIEF IS IN SIGHT

NEW YORK, JAN. 20

I WROTE recently about the problematic performance of our Postal Service, and already there is further evidence of the high risk of relying on it, as witness the experience of 363 executives in New York City who mailed each other first-class letters last July. The good news is that 42 per cent of the letters arrived on the following day. The bad news is that 21 per cent never arrived at all. After my column appeared I received an anguished telephone call from a conscientious assistant postmaster general, who reminded me of the high percentage of mail delivered the next day. Which reminded me of the defendant in the murder trial who gave the judge a list of thirty people who had not seen him kill the deceased. I don't know when again we will be able to rely on the Postal Service, but meanwhile—

Have you ever heard of MCI? Maybe not. Have you ever heard of Norton-Lambert? Probably not. Well, MCI is a rival communications system primarily known for long-distance calls in competition with AT&T. And Norton-Lambert is a computer software company that has developed a "communications package"—that is the fancy word for a 5¼-inch floppy disc—called LYNC. The marriage of MCI and LYNC may save the communications industry in America. It will most certainly, in times of stress, save your sanity.

More than a year ago I wrote wondering out loud exactly what the average American was supposed to do with a computer. I got much heated mail in answer to this question, and not much light. But I think it fair to assume that the average American wants from time to time to communicate expeditiously, whether for reasons of commerce, or of romance, or whatever. Using Western Union is both too expensive and a most awful drag ("How are you spelling Chicago, sir?"). Here is what computer-owners can do—this very minute.

They can buy LYNC for about $150 (address, Norton-Lambert Corp., P.O. Box 4085, Santa Barbara, Calif. 93103). They need a modem attached to their computer. Some computers come with built-in modems. Separate instruments vary in price from $75 to $600. Then they can subscribe to MCI Mail (telephone: 1-800-MCI-2255). Initial cost, $0.00.

Ready? You enter LYNC and dial the local MCI Mail telephone number (there are about fifty of them around the country). On the screen you are asked only two questions, neither of them involving those interminable identification numbers some systems insist on. The first is your "identification." Mine is "WBuckley." Then they ask you your "password." Passwords, including mine, are secret. Then they ask you the name of the person you wish to send your message to. If you are addressing another MCI subscriber, then you need only give the person's identification name—no address is needed. If someone else, you spell out the address including the zip code. Then you "create" your message. When you are done, you enter a slash mark (one of those backward slashes), and you are asked which of four delivery services you desire to avail yourself of. The first delivers your letter electronically and instantly to the addressee's computer. The charge? $1. The second delivers your letter to the addressee's local post office, and your friend receives the letter presumably the next day. Charge, $2. The third alternative guarantees delivery the following day before noon—$6.

And then there is a $25 message hand-delivered within four hours of transmission. That is reserved, presumably, for proposals of marriage, or written offers to buy the Empire State Building.

The MCI system is growing, and one or two reforms, obviously needed, will no doubt be implemented in due course. For instance, if you don't know the zip code of the addressee, the message now goes to Washington, D.C., where it is mailed, rather than right to, say, Salt Lake City. Well, the MCI people, as an amenity, should affix the correct zip code—a computer calculation requiring perhaps one one-hundredth of a second to execute. I have made just that suggestion to the director of MCI Services, who received it hospitably.

And I have asked the LYNC people whether their fabulous program will operate in small, inexpensive computers, and have had encouraging answers. It is perfectly conceivable that in four or five years' time, housewives—let alone businessmen—will frequently communicate via MCI-LYNC. Did I tell you how long your $1 message can be? Seventy-five hundred characters. That's three to five pages. Surely inter-communication will emerge as the principal popular use of the modern computer. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Situations Wanted

CONSULTANT: BUSINESS, FINANCIAL, special studies. Former YAF member. H. J. Everett, 10519 Church Road, Dallas, Tex. 75238.

CONSERVATIVE MALE, 24, seeks entry-level position with political consulting firm, think tank, etc. Experienced in New York state and local political races, PR, writing, and TV production. Will relocate anywhere for political career. Write NR Box 3815.

Services

TRANS-O-GRAMs prepared for special occasions. Svend Petersen, 961 Spring Garden Street, Altamonte Springs, Fla. 32701.

MISSING PERSONS TRACED—friend, relative, heir. Low cost, free details. Write NR Box 3835.

Financial

MUTUAL-FUND REPORT. Performance of more than 500 funds over the past two years. Shows quarterly values and yearly changes for each fund. Updated through December 31, 1983. $8 postpaid. Investors Reporting System, P.O. Box 221223, Charlotte, N.C. 28222.

CALCULATE EXACT YIELD on T-bills, mortgages. Clearly explained, numerous examples. $2, cash only. Baker, Box 247, Pratt Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11205.

HOW SOME PEOPLE avoid Social Security taxes legally. Comprehensive memorandum by attorney and CPA. Send $5. Tax Consultants, Box 14560, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15234.

Literary

BILL RICKENBACKER's funny, warm accounts of life on his Yankee farm: subscribe to *The Berry Patch Letters*. Twelve issues, $8 a year. Box 158, West Boxford, Mass. 01885.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKFINDER. 2035NR Everding, Eureka, Calif. 95501. Send requests.

BULK RATES: MICHAEL NOVAK's *Moral Clarity in the Nuclear Age* available from Catholicism in Crisis, Jacques Maritain Center, P.O. Box 495, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556 (price includes postage and handling): 25 copies, $40; 50 copies, $77.50; 100 copies, $102.50; 250 copies, $155; 500 copies, $255; 1,000 copies, $457.50.

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS, BARGAIN BOOKS. 2,000 titles, all subjects. Free catalogue: Hamilton's, 98-73 Clapboard, Danbury, Conn. 06810.

WANTED: one set of "I Go Polo" books. Send asking price to NR Box 3836.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. NRB, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011.

PLAYMATE MAGAZINE collection (for children). 1944-55, total 44 copies. Make offer. Write NR Box 3817.

Educational Opportunities

CATHOLIC LIBERAL EDUCATION. Thomas Aquinas College offers serious intellectual discipline and a close-knit community of students and teachers. Classics from Aristotle to Einstein replace textbooks; classroom discussions replace lectures; elective system replaced by an integrated, comprehensive study of mathematics, experimental science, language, music, history, literature, philosophy, and theology. Classes do not exceed 20 students. Financial-aid program. Applications from students with previous college studies encouraged. Endorsed by M. Stanton Evans, Russell Kirk, Malcolm Muggeridge. Accredited by Western Association of Schools and Colleges. For information write to: Director of Admissions, Thomas Aquinas College, 10000 North Ojai Road, Santa Paula, Calif. 93069. 805-525-4417.

WANT A JOB on a conservative campaign this year? Attend the National Conservative Foundation's Campaign Finance School for the know-how needed in every aspect of campaign finance. We will help place qualified individuals in campaigns or in other political jobs. For more information contact Lisa Dudley, at 703-684-1800.

For Sale

ROOSEVELT'S CLASSIC 60' schooner. Write: Yacht *Mistress*, Ocracoke, N.C. 27960.

"THE AMERICAN STORY"—four-color timeline of American history, 1492-present. Accurate text supplemented by 450 artists' works. Used by educators for 16 years. Mural, four 15" x 24" panels; or bound, 15" x 12". $11.45, postpaid. Box 1000, University Park, Iowa 52595.

COACHELLA VALLEY HOMEOWNERS: Window coverings at sensible prices. Nelsha's Draperies, Palm Desert, Calif. 619-346-8651.

Music

THE GUITAR: Unique, self-teaching guide to playing and enjoying music. Check/m.o. for $10 to Box 7, Station Z, Toronto, Ont. M5N 2Z3, Canada.

TRAVEL CELLO—fits under airplane seat, has tone of a fine instrument. Many professional and amateur owners. Travielo, Box 34464, Bethesda, Md. 20817.

Gourmet

WINE LOVERS—Free brochure of handcrafted wine racks, caddies, and cases in mahogany, walnut, and zebrawood. Blue Bros., 9N, 701 7th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036.

SIMPLY GREAT PEANUT BRITTLE recipe. $2, S.A.S.E., to Livingstone, 1409 Saluda River Drive, West Columbia, S.C. 29169.

ORIENTAL-FOOD LOVERS—Ten great recipes from one of Boston's most prestigious Thai restaurants. Appetizers, rice and noodle dishes, curries, and desserts. Piquant, spicy, and delicious! Send $3.50 to P.O. Box 212, Manomet, Mass. 02345.

DECAFFEINATED TEA AND COFFEE sampler. Enjoy eight different tea flavors, four coffee blends. Imported. Three bags each. Send $3.95: Imperial Tea, Box 9992N, Kansas City, Mo. 64134.

CHILI-CON-QUESO dip recipe; delicious, simple. Send $1 plus S.A.S.E. to: Countryside Enterprises, 112 Tulane S.E., #2, Albuquerque, N.M. 87106.

Vacation

VIRGINIA BEACH SUMMER RENTALS on Chesapeake Bay. Darling beachfront duplexes, $400 each, weekly. Alvin Whitley, 1045 Patrick Henry Way, Virginia Beach, Va. 23455. 804-460-0352.

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: $1.00 per word, minimum 10 words, plus $2.25 for box number. Frequency discounts: 4 times, 90¢ per word; 6 times, 85¢ per word; 8 times or more, 80¢ per word. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 37 days before publication date. Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address Classified Director, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

PORTRAIT OF THE SOVIET STATE

Budapest, Prague, Afghanistan. Yellow rain. The Gulag. Ali Agca. Broken treaties. Psychiatric hospitals. Sixty years of religious persecution. Twenty million political murders. Korean Airlines Flight Oh Oh Seven. How does one negotiate with such a nation? [From *The National Catholic Register*, September 18, 1983.]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DISCOVER INSIDERS' BRITAIN on your own! Car and train itineraries, budget London, hidden corners, and much more. Details and price list from Anglo-File, 5923 Corbin, Tarzana, Calif. 91356.

VISITING NORMANDY '84? Send $4.95 for "Guide to Atlantic Wall and D-Day Beaches." Maps, photos. Corporate West, 2602-A North 20th Avenue, Phoenix, Ariz. 85009.

U.K. HOLIDAY NEXT SUMMER with no hotel bills. Exchange your home with a British family for a few weeks and enjoy completely free accommodations. Details: Atlantic Exchange, P.O. Box 94, Colchester, Essex, England.

SARASOTA, FLORIDA—Siesta Key penthouse, luxurious 3-bedroom, 2-bath on Gulf of Mexico. Sauna, heated pool, hydro-pool, tennis. Children welcome. Available all year. $800/week, 2-week minimum. 813-955-9469.

Real Estate

FRIENDLY GHOSTS! Beautiful historic Bucks County stone home on 12-plus acres. Lovely center hall and stairs. Formal dining room, living room, library, 6 bedrooms, 3½ baths. Swimming pool, tennis court, stream, and dell. Very large trees and shrubs. Springhouse and greenhouse need repair. Small barn. Privacy plus convenience. Good public, private, and Catholic schools. Buckingham Township, one mile from Doylestown, Pa. Taxes $1,900s. Pictures and brochure on request. $395,000. Write NR Box 3830.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

AN INTELLIGENT WAY to meet others. For hobbies, sports, correspondence, friendship, vacations, use our Exchange to contact others nearby or worldwide. Electronic Exchange, P.O. Box 68-N1, Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266.

PENFRIENDS: ENGLAND, U.S.A. Lasting friendships through correspondence. Send age, interests. Free reply. Harmony, Box 89NR, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11235.

NEW JERSEY MALE, 26, Christian, seeks female who enjoys bicycling, has sense of humor, and wants to have children. Write NR Box 3832.

DENVER WIDOW, 55, active, solvent, asks where are you, a gentleman of probity who enjoys life, the arts, travel, tennis, hiking and has sense of humor? Write NR Box 3833.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets the cultured single, widowed, or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970—3,000 members. Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081. 215-566-2132.

A POLE, assistant professor plus legal advisor, 32 years old, interested in film, photography, sports, traveling, and law, wants to exchange views with Americans. I speak English, German, and Polish. Write NR Box 3828.

TALL, SLENDER, attractive blonde; German-Swiss ancestry, German teacher; European/American educated, 34, seeks tall, attractive, sensitive, easy-going professional Christian man, thirties to early forties, who loves world travel, fine arts, sports, and animals. Photo please. Write NR Box 3831.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Write CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

WIDOW OF DENTIST, retired teacher, seeks husband. Interested in community affairs, bridge, opera, and books. Home and car, Midwest background. Write NR Box 3814.

THINK TANK. International research and discussion club of current affairs. Box 1584, Winnipeg, Man. R3C 2Z6, Canada.

VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN, professional, mid-20s, austere, athletic, possesses graduate degree; enjoys pop rock, dancing, dining, racquet sports; seeks urbane, complacent, Eastern woman, twenties, for challenging relationship. Write NR Box 3824.

SINGLE N.Y.C. male, 37, with humor, strength, ideals, looks, great job (MD), and strong interests in literature and movies, seeks female counterpart for marriage. Write NR Box 3821.

SOPHISTICATED SCANDINAVIANS seek enlightened correspondence and lasting relationships. Details: Scanna-NR, Box 4, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534.

34, PACIFIC NORTHWEST male, enjoys movies, books, sports, conversation, and friendship, seeks like-minded women, 21-35, for correspondence and sharing. Write NR Box 3834.

INTELLIGENT, ATTRACTIVE FEMALE lawyer, 31, interested in tennis, golf, music, and theater, seeks contact with mature man with like interests. Write NR Box 3840.

SINGLES, MEET SINGLES. Write Nancy, Friend Finder—U.S.A., P.O. Box 32, Glen Ellyn, Ill. 60138.

DYNAMIC RELAXATION THERAPIST seeks a generous non-smoking male, 50-plus, who likes cultural events, hiking. Photo please. Box 272, Locust Valley, N.Y. 11560.

Miscellaneous

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH. Send full page of writing and $20 to Elisabeth King, 121 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

BIORHYTHM BOOKLET. Year's graphs, analysis. Send birthdate, $7.95: Trac Research, Box 3352, Kingston, N.Y. 12401.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS. For personal report send sample, age, and $20 to Alice Charlesworth, Box 41, Forest Park, Dayton, Ohio 45405.

INVENTIONS, IDEAS, new products wanted for presentation to industry and exhibition at national technology exposition. Call 800-528-6050. In Arizona call 800-352-0458, ext. 831.

Subscription Service

TO SUBSCRIBE OR RENEW:

☐ New subscription
☐ Renewal
☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Bill me
☐ 1 year $29.00 (U.S.A.)
☐ 1 year $35.25 U.S. currency (Canada and all other foreign)

Initial here ____

CHANGE OF ADDRESS AND RENEWAL:

Please attach the mailing label from the front cover when writing about service or change of address. Allow 3 weeks for change of address to take effect. Thank you.

Name ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____

MAIL TO: National Review, Readers Service, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

NR CLASSIFIED ADS

Rates:
$1.00 per word
$2.25 for NR box number

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Pay for two ads—get a third ad FREE. Advance payment (minimum 2 ads)

Enclosed $____
Mail to:
Classified Director
National Review
150 East 35th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

AD COPY:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRANS-O-GRAM / SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A jewel mentioned in *The Six Napoleons* (Sherlock Holmes)
5 45 60 100 219 234 257 85 118 135 190
12

B. The nation's capital
56 114 159 167 16 101 32 86 275 172 119
10

C. Hoover's opponent in 1928 (full name)
67 22 91 202 191 125 139 187 50 87 92
144

D. Co-translator of *De Re Metallica* (full name)
74 11 120 141 177 220 48 33 43 88 90
62 102 165

E. An ancient form of government
71 206 124 208 221 149 27 183 113

F. Source of "O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!" (phrase)
21 75 231 93 218 278 104 250 164 185 192
210

G. Hoover's opponent in 1932 (2 words)
105 3 29 70 116 147 193 215 251 157 108

H. One of the Lesser Antilles
241 137 209 73 179 109 31 224

I. A type of easy chair
38 47 83 98 1 15 25 54

J. A popular American poet (full name)
269 180 2 110 223 249 72 173 263

K. A town in Palo Alto County, the Hawkeye State (city and state)
117 66 76 95 242 84 259 178 99 271 166
122

L. Indigent
270 148 112 261 17 49 198 123 184 4 107

M. A prominent group of buildings in Hot Springs, Ark. (2 words)
20 155 143 161 237 53 276 19 37 64 128
136

N. A town in Dubuque County, the Hawkeye State (city and state)
207 126 150 146 82 236 245 212 222 232 153

O. No MacTavish was ever thus, according to a canard
197 23 46 57 65 77

P. A statement of Christian belief (2 words)
195 18 36 97 158 217 247 248 9 89 160
170 134 81 188

Q. Scored
205 200 58 254 266 78 226

R. A curtailment of the ordinary rules of inheritance
227 274 235 142 182 196 52 69 213 262

S. Governmental instrumentality headed by Herbert Hoover, 1921-28 (3 words)
256 51 80 94 133 34 204 238 68 265 162
8 121 168 14 96 63 138 260 273

T. Nickname of an ex-governor of Oklahoma (2 words)
264 30 201 151 154 115 246 39 225 243 253

U. A magician's spiel
28 214 169 6 255 228

V. The wife of Chilion
35 41 129 171 268

W. Knowledgeable
130 106 175 272 230 40 79

X. A county in Minnesota (2 words)
145 176 24 127 239 156 186 229 59

Y. An Irish statesman, 1746-1820
211 181 240 42 194 252 111

Z. What the courteous Senate debater did (phrase)
55 7 61 163 26 189 103 140 203 233 258
267 199 44 174 216 131 132 277 13 244 152

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black rules indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 I	2 J	3 G	4 L	5 A	6 U	7 Z	8 S	9 P	10 B	11 D	12 A	13 Z	14 S	15 I	16 B	17 L	18 P	19 M
20 M	21 F	22 C	23 O	24 X	25 I	26 Z	27 E	28 U	29 G	30 T	31 H	32 B	33 D	34 S	35 V	36 P	37 M	38 I	39 T
40 W	41 V	42 Y	43 D	44 Z	45 A	46 O	47 I	48 D	49 L	50 C	51 S	52 R	53 M	54 I	55 Z	56 B	57 O	58 Q	59 X
60 A	61 Z	62 D	63 S	64 M	65 O	66 K	67 C	68 S	69 R	70 G	71 E	72 J	73 H	74 D	75 F	76 K	77 O	78 Q	79 W
80 S	81 P	82 N	83 I	84 K	85 A	86 B	87 C	88 D	89 P	90 D	91 C	92 C	93 F	94 S	95 K	96 S	97 P	98 I	99 K
100A	101B	102D	103Z	104F	105G	106W	107L	108G	109H	110J	111Y	112L	113E	114B	115T	116G	117K	118A	119B
120D	121S	122K	123L	124E	125C	126N	127X	128M	129V	130W	131Z	132Z	133S	134P	135A	136M	137H	138S	139C
140Z	141D	142R	143M	144C	145X	146N	147G	148L	149E	150N	151T	152Z	153N	154T	155M	156X	157G	158L	159B
160P	161M	162S	163Z	164F	165D	166K	167B	168S	169U	170P	171V	172B	173J	174Z	175W	176X	177D	178K	179H
180J	181Y	182R	183E	184L	185F	186X	187C	188P	189Z	190A	191C	192F	193G	194Y	195P	196R	197Q	198L	199Z
200Q	201T	202C	203Z	204S	205Q	206E	207N	208E	209H	210F	211Y	212N	213R	214U	215G	216Z	217P	218F	219A
220D	221E	222N	223J	224H	225T	226Q	227R	228U	229X	230W	231F	232N	233Z	234A	235R	236N	237M	238S	239X
240Y	241H	242K	243T	244Z	245N	246T	247P	248P	249J	250F	251G	252Y	253T	254Q	255U	256S	257A	258Z	259K
260S	261D	262R	263J	264T	265S	266Q	267Z	268V	269J	270L	271K	272W	273S	274R	275B	276M	277Z	278F	

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A full carat or more. Halfway isn't your style.

Your jeweler can show you many diamond solitaires of a carat or more. This necklace features a 2.65 carat diamond.

A carat or more–one in a million.

Every diamond is rare.
But of all diamonds found, a solitaire of a carat or more is only one in a million.

And, like love, becomes more precious with time.

A miracle among miracles.
Born from the earth. Reborn on a woman.

The extraordinary diamond of a carat or more.

Show the world you couldn't have made it without her.

A diamond is forever. De Beers

LICENSED TO LINZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CIMARRON '84
THIS ONE'S GOT THE TOUCH.

The Cadillac touch. It's Electronic Fuel Injection, matched by a tenacious Touring Suspension that comes to grips with the road. It's leather-faced front bucket seats with lumbar support behind a leather-trimmed steering wheel that lets you know you're in control. It's new grille and taillight styling. Laser-accurate quality fits. It's Cimarron '84... with something no other car in its class has.

The Cadillac touch.

BEST OF ALL... IT'S A CADILLAC.

Let's Get It Together... Buckle Up.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED